

# AMERICAN GIRL

April  
1955 · 25¢



# Join the Fun! 2 Big Sewing Contests!

## The 1955 **SINGER** Junior Dressmaking Contests!



**Make a winning dress** while you learn to sew this summer—in a SINGER Junior Dressmaking course! This year, SINGER will have 2 big sewing contests! A complete set of prizes will be awarded to Seniors (14-17) and to Juniors (10-13)!

All you do is enroll in the SINGER Junior Dress-

making Course at your SINGER SEWING CENTER between May 2 and August 20. For just \$8.00 you receive eight 2½ hour highly personalized lessons.

Classes are limited, so get your entry blank, with rules, at your SINGER SEWING CENTER *today*. You have till Sept. 3 to make a prize-winning dress!

### JUNIOR CONTEST PRIZES (girls 10-13)

**GRAND PRIZE \$500**  
**2nd PRIZE \$400**  
**3rd PRIZE \$300**  
**4th PRIZE \$250**

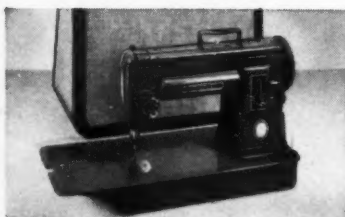
cash award or  
scholarship fund

### SENIOR CONTEST PRIZES (girls 14-17)

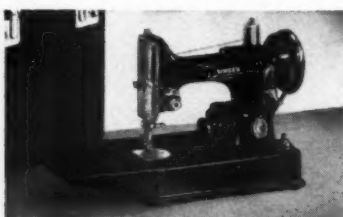
**GRAND PRIZE \$1000**  
**2nd PRIZE \$ 750**  
**3rd PRIZE \$ 600**  
**4th PRIZE \$ 500**

cash award or  
scholarship fund

**PLUS a 3-day trip to New York City for the 4 top winners in each contest and their mothers!**



**66 SINGER® Slant-Needle® Portables** with Automatic Zigzagger. First prize for Senior & Junior regional winners.



**66 SINGER FEATHERWEIGHT® Portables** with Automatic Zigzagger. Second prize for Sr. & Jr. regional winners.



**Over 3500 de luxe SINGER® Scissors Sets** for local winners, Senior and Junior Divisions.

**PLUS 33 \$300 one-year scholarships** for regional winners in Senior Division who enter or are attending accredited colleges and major in home economics!

**NOTE:** Families of employees of the SINGER organization and its advertising agencies are not eligible for contest.



**AT ALL  
SINGER SEWING CENTERS**

in the United States and Canada  
SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

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by MARJORIE VETTER

**GREEN THRESHOLD.** By MARY WOLFE

**THOMPSON.** Longmans, Green and Co., \$2.50. The people close to Ginger Clyde—her aunt, the two boys in her life—could see that her jealous, possessive love for her brother Hal might wreck both their lives. For Ginger, Hal had taken the place of their parents who had been killed in an accident. His promising career as an architect had been interrupted by military service in Korea. Now, as a result of wounds received there, his legs were permanently paralyzed. Ginger told herself that it was only natural she should give up parties, dates, friends, to build her whole life around this unfortunate, beloved older brother. She refused to face the real reason why she guarded him so carefully from the girls he had not wanted to see in the first days of his homecoming. Though her bent was clearly mathematics, she planned to study architecture, for which everyone else could see she had little talent, and dreamed of a partnership with her brother in which she would gladly do the legwork. But Hal was not responding physically or mentally in the New York City apartment-house environment he had known before his war service. When his doctor suggested a complete change to country living, Aunt Barby, Ginger, and Hal bought an old house in Vermont. Aided by Ginger and the boy next door who, Ginger admitted jealously, did have a decided aptitude for architecture, Hal became absorbed in remodeling the old house and began to regain his interest in life. Ginger was not altogether happy as Hal grew more independent, learning to drive a car, seeing the prospect of a good business for himself in buying, remodeling, and selling old houses, and becoming "his own man" again. She could not fail to notice the spark of something more than casual business interest between him and the beautiful daughter of the local real estate broker. How she learned the truth about herself and saved her own and Hal's happiness makes a fine novel of human relations, enriched by much interesting material about Vermont—for instance, the matter of "glebe lands," which nearly proved the Clydes' undoing, all part of the architecture-country-real-estate background.

**AMIKUK.** By RUTHERFORD A. MONTGOMERY. The World Publishing Company, \$2.75. In the churning waters off Black Reef in the stormy Aleutian Islands, Kahlan,

the sea otter, naps with one eye open, keeping guard over his mate Bobry and their baby son Amikuk. Kahlan has need to be watchful. He has not only to keep his family safe during the furious tempests that howl over this wild northern coast and to protect them from killer whales and other predatory creatures of the sea, but he must guard them from the hunters who covet their valuable soft warm pelts. Indeed, before the United States Army

# When to ease the tension with BEECH-NUT GUM!



First time on skates, and with a new gang? Keep cool, dear, no one expects expert form. Chew Beech-Nut Gum, and ease that tension! What's a little tail spin between friends!



Singing a solo in the glee club concert? Don't let it bother you! Have a stick of fresh, minty Beech-Nut Gum. Keeps your mouth nice and moist, too! You'll win applause!



Sitting with a houseful of tigers? You'll find it easier to relax when you chew tasty Beech-Nut Gum. Little tigers purr like pussy cats over Beech-Nut Gum. Pass it around!



First formal? Now take it easy on the make-up. You look sweeter, prettier, when the paint job doesn't show. Your breath will be sweeter, too—if you chew Beech-Nut Gum!





# Smart Girl!

## SHE USES CUTICURA!

*Hateful blemishes are cleared up—  
her skin is baby-soft, alluring!*



GOWN AND VEIL BY BONWIT TELLER. COMPLEXION BY CUTICURA.

He fell in love with her clear, smooth, naturally radiant complexion—that unmistakable Cuticura look!

Unlike most medicated skin preparations, Cuticura does far more than help clear up externally caused pimples. It also helps counteract blackheads, flaky dryness, oily shine. Helps repair damage from washing incorrectly or using preparations that starve and dry the skin. Wakes up your complexion tone. Often in just 7 days!

A two-way treatment—that's what most skin needs. And Cuticura gives you: An exquisite soap that *alone of all leading soaps is superfatted and mildly medicated* to help maintain the natural moisture and normal, healthy acidity of your skin. An effective ointment that contains a precious blend of softening and medicated ingredients that work while you sleep.

Cuticura is best! Hundreds of doctors say it. Clinical tests, use by certain leading hospitals, and the joy of thousands of happy brides prove it beyond question! Do get Cuticura Soap and Ointment today and see for yourself.

Send 25¢ for Skin Care Kit containing trial sizes of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Medicated Liquid, also sample of Cuticura Talcum. Write Cuticura, Dept. AG-45, Malden 48, Mass.



# Cuticura

Proved Way to Lovelier Skin



and Navy came to the islands in World War II and the otters received the protection that enabled them to increase slightly in numbers, it seemed certain they would soon be exterminated, so great was the greed of the hunters. You will be grateful for this protection when you come to know Amikuk and his fun-loving, affectionate parents. There is plenty of conflict in the book, for alongside the almost-human otter family runs the story of an Aleut family—mother, father, and son—who also find life difficult in this cold, barren land. When father and son discover the rare otter family, they are tempted in different ways and in different degrees to hunt them, though it is illegal, for the money the sale of their pelts will bring. Will the man, Kahgo, kill the otters to sell to the Russian Ivan, who is buying bootlegged pelt? Will the lonely boy Peter, who has watched the otters for so long they seem like friends, betray them to buy comforts for his mother? Woven into the danger, conflict, and suspense is the delightful story of Amikuk's growth and training, as he learns to take care of himself in these perilous waters. Here is an exciting tale of life and adventure in the far-off north.

### **SALLY ON THE FENCE.** By CLARICE PONT. Thomas Nelson & Sons, \$2.50.

Lillian Barnes, Sally's beautiful mother, unable to adjust to the life of a Midwestern country doctor's wife, had divorced her husband and moved to New York. She had given Sally gaiety, excitement, pretty clothes, private schools, expensive lessons in music which meant so much to them both. She had taught Sally that to care deeply is to risk being hurt. Her sudden death in a traffic accident forced Sally to accept her father's invitation to make her home with him. Sally made the long journey to meet for the first time her father, his second wife Madge, and her half sisters and brother. Since Dr. Barnes never sent out bills, money was not plentiful in the shabby rambling house. Sally could not even take refuge in her music, because there was no piano! You can imagine how difficult it all was for a hurt, bewildered youngster of Sally's background and training. This is the story of her gradual adjustment to her new environment, the slow awakening of her love for her family, and her realization that, as the Barnes' Mary-by-the-half-day says, "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." You will like the Barneses and find their problems absorbing. No one in this book is all wrong or all right. Lillian, Sally, Dr. Barnes, Madge have made mistakes and are now confronted with a difficult situation many families today have to meet. Mrs. Pont writes with sympathy for all of them.

### **GUIDE TO DATING.** By JOYCE JACKSON. Prentice-Hall, \$2.95. What teenager doesn't need advice of one kind or another at some time or other about dating?

Here is an honest, frank discussion of the whole subject, handled in effective, readable style. The author is not only young, so that she writes with sympathy and understanding as one girl having a heart-to-heart talk with another, but she is presently completing her graduate studies in social psychology, so she has scientific basis for her advice. Any teenager who wishes to increase her understanding of herself, her parents, and the boys with whom she associates, to develop poise and self-confidence, and to form happy, successful relationships will welcome this practical counsel.

THE END  
APRIL, 1955



# Girls!

## THE NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

### INVITES YOU TO ENJOY

# An Exciting New Nature Hobby

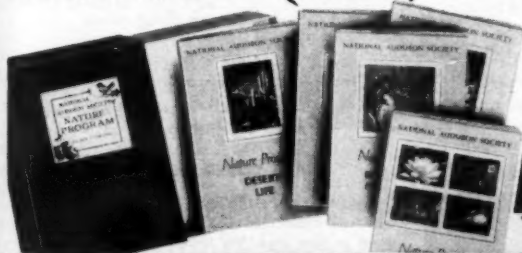


Here are two unusual "look-alikes". One is the owl—and the other, the spectacular Calico Butterfly which often alights upside down with his "owl-eyes" showing! Nature "protects her own" with fascinating camouflage!



In an ordinary woodland pond you can find an amazing variety of fascinating creatures. Your Nature Program tells you what to look for, how to go about it.

ALL PICTURES  
IN THRILLING  
**NATURAL  
COLORS!**



**FREE** IF YOU ENROLL NOW  
The Current Album  
**CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE**

Right now is an excellent time to find out about this new National Audubon Society program. If you send the coupon at once, you will receive **CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE** **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE**. Your Free Gift set includes a collection of 31 natural color prints, informative album and a distinctive maroon-and-gold color case to protect your "Museum-at-Home" collections. The value of this Gift Package is \$2.00.

There's no obligation when you send for this **FREE** set. You may

resign your membership any time you wish. However, we feel sure that, once you and your parents have become acquainted with this "Museum-at-Home" program, you will want to continue these delightful monthly "visits" for a while. The total cost is very low—only \$1 for each monthly set, plus a few pennies for shipping.

Anyway, we urge you to send for your **FREE** introductory kit now, because quantities are limited. Just print your name and address on the coupon and mail it today.

Here's a new program of  
things-to-know and things-to-do in the  
fascinating world of Nature

**T**HIS wonderful new program, sponsored by the National Audubon Society, has captured the imagination of Thousands of American girls. Now you can discover the wonders of Nature, with the help of wise and friendly naturalists.

The **FREE** Gift described below (worth \$2.00) is offered to you to demonstrate how much fun and knowledge you can enjoy with this thrilling plan. Through the magic eye of magnificent color photographs—and fact-filled albums in which to mount them—you journey each month "into the field" on a fascinating quest after Nature's secrets. You see how Nature "protects her own" with camouflage... follow the migrations of sea birds across the vast oceans... learn the strange, almost unbelievable ways some animals raise their cubs and fledglings. Best of all, your naturalist-guides will open your eyes to the wonders you can discover in your neighborhood park, on hikes and camping trips—even in your own backyard.

Each month an exciting new topic is selected and a set of color prints is issued, together with an album in which to mount them, and a text that explains your "Museum-at-Home" collection. Just to show you their beauty and worth, we invite you to send the coupon now for a "sample"—the current set **CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE**—as a **FREE GIFT!**



In summer, the snowshoe rabbit is the same color as his tundra home. But when autumn comes...



... the weather gets colder, and he starts to change color! When the ground is covered with snow...



... he has become all white—perfectly camouflaged once again!

**GIRL SCOUTS — JUST A FEW OF THE PROFICIENCY BADGES THE NATURE PROGRAM CAN HELP YOU EARN:**

- |               |                     |               |
|---------------|---------------------|---------------|
| Explorer      | Rambler             | Pioneer       |
| Bird          | Reptile & Amphibian | Photography   |
| Cat and Dog   | Rock & Mineral      | Fruit Raiser  |
| Conservation  | Star                | Home Gardener |
| Garden Flower | Tree                | Weather       |
| Water Life    | World Neighbor      | Insect        |
| Mammal        | Wild Plant          | Foot Traveler |
| Campcraft     | Beekeeper           | My Country    |
|               | Truck Gardener      |               |

#### THE NATURE PROGRAM

Dept. AG-4, Garden City, N.Y.

Please send me **FREE** the **CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE** series including 31 natural color prints, and an album to mount them in, plus informative text. I understand that you plan to issue a new Nature series each month in cooperation with the National Audubon Society, for only \$1.00 each plus a small charge for shipping. You will immediately send me, without any charge, a handsome maroon and gold color case for my albums. After examining my **FREE** set, I'll notify you if I do not wish any others. I may cancel my subscription at any time I wish without any further obligation.

Name (Please Print)

Address

City Zone State

**SEND NO MONEY. MAIL COUPON PROMPTLY.**

(Same offer in Canada; address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Good only in U.S.A. and Canada.)



### Who is a girl's best friend?

The truth is: your own best friend is... yourself! Because only *you* can solve special problems that determine your success... problems like *daintiness*, for instance.

You're in your teens now—the most wonderful time of your life. And it's the time when you form habits that will mean so much later. Of course, you bathe daily, shampoo often, manicure carefully and keep your clothes in order. And I *do* hope you're using New MUM, the doctor's deodorant discovery that's so necessary to good grooming. You see, New MUM—based originally on a doctor's formula—now contains M-3, a special ingredient that **STOPS UNDERARM ODOR 24 HOURS A DAY!**

You lead an active life, so you perspire freely. That's why you need New MUM—the *dependable* deodorant that keeps you sweet all day but doesn't stop healthful perspiration. MUM is safe to use *daily*—won't irritate normal skin and won't rot fabrics, either—so your pretty clothes are safe. Creamy smooth...so delicately fragrant... New MUM is a daily *must* if you want to be popular.

So use New MUM. When it comes to deodorants...it's a girl's best friend!



Sincerely,

*Susan Frost*

**P.S.**

Write me for the free booklet **NOW IS THE TIME**. Full of good-grooming tips that every girl ought to know. Write Susan Frost, Dept. AG-45, Bristol-Myers Co., Hillside, New Jersey.



**NEW MUM.**

cream deodorant  
with long-lasting  
M-3 (HEXACHLOROPHENE)

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

# The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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Cover by Mas Ito

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### APRIL COVER PHOTO



Our AMERICAN GIRL cook is delighted with her April shower of cookies, which tasted as good as they look. We tested them! Recipes for these cookies are given in "Cooking with Judy" on page 18. "Judy" lives in New York, loves to ice skate. Some of her other hobbies are dancing, her dog "Pumpkin," and the cooking sessions with Alice Sanderson. She thinks our new cooking department lots of fun, and very helpful. The blouse Judy wears, with snug puffed sleeves that won't get in her way, and the checked gingham pinafore apron, were made especially for her by the Simplicity Pattern Company.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$3.00 for one year, \$5.00 for two years. Foreign, Pan-American, and Canadian, \$6.00 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money order for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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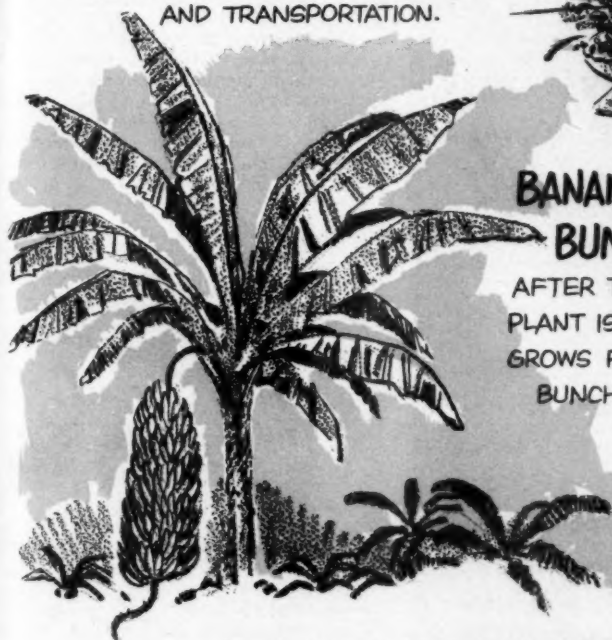
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# CHIKUITA'S Fascinating Facts ABOUT BANANAS

## ONCE THE "FRUIT OF MILLIONAIRES"

ONCE ONLY THE VERY RICH COULD AFFORD BANANAS. TODAY, HOWEVER, THEY'RE A TREAT EVERYONE CAN ENJOY, THANKS TO MODERN METHODS OF GROWING AND TRANSPORTATION.



## BANANA PLANTS GROW ONE BUNCH OF BANANAS—THEN DIE!

AFTER THE BUNCH IS HARVESTED, THE ORIGINAL PLANT IS CUT DOWN AND A NEW PLANT PROMPTLY GROWS FROM THE OLD ROOT. IN 14 MONTHS A NEW BUNCH IS READY FOR CUTTING, AND THE CYCLE BEGINS AGAIN.

## ONE OF NATURE'S "ALL-AROUND" FOODS

BANANAS CONTAIN A GOOD SUPPLY OF VITAMINS, MINERALS, AND FRUIT SUGARS. A FINE PROTECTIVE FOOD... A GREAT ENERGY FOOD. ENJOY THEM OFTEN!



## FREE BOOK!

### "HOW TO BE TOPS IN YOUR TEENS"

Popularity tips you won't want to miss!  
Do's and don'ts for both boys and girls!  
Send for your copy today!

United Fruit Company, Box 581, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of your book "How to Be Tops in Your Teens."  
(Please print)

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Offer limited to continental U.S.



UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

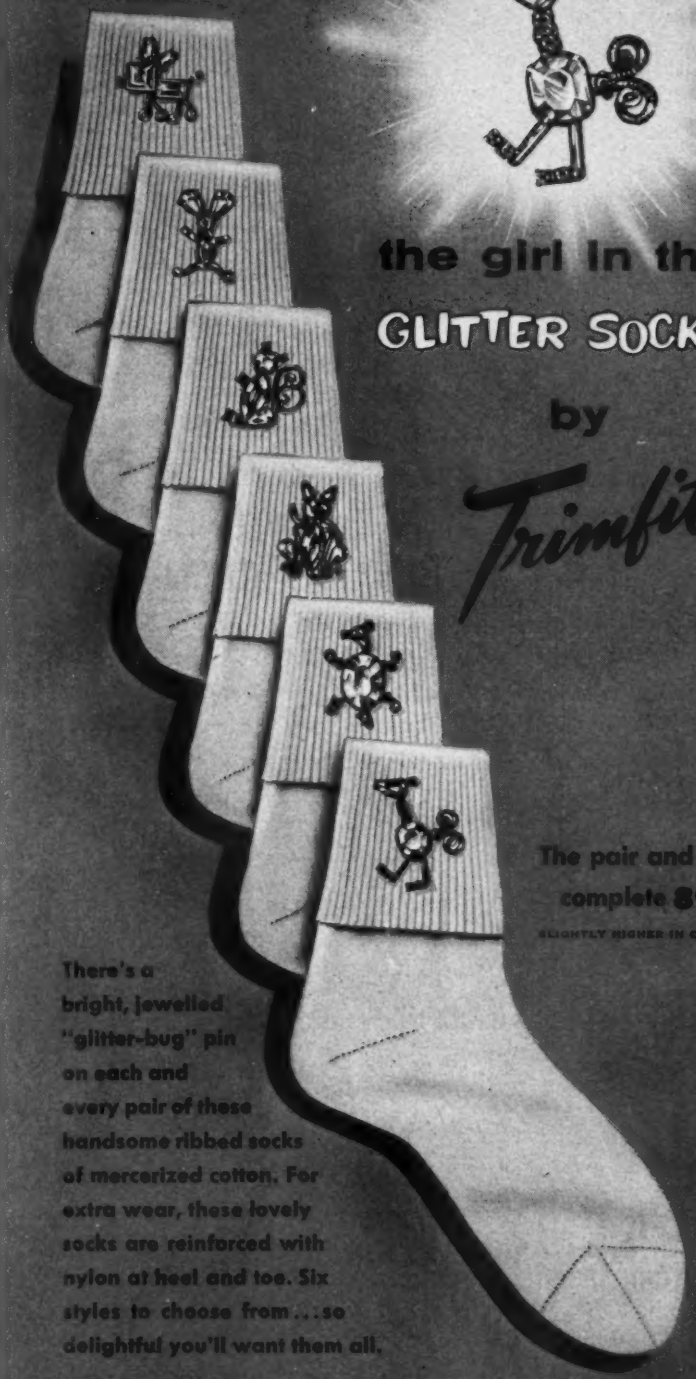


Slickest chick in town...



the girl in the  
GLITTER SOCKS

by  
*Trimfit*



There's a bright, jewelled "glitter-bug" pin on each and every pair of these handsome ribbed socks of mercerized cotton. For extra wear, these lovely socks are reinforced with nylon at heel and toe. Six styles to choose from...so delightful you'll want them all.

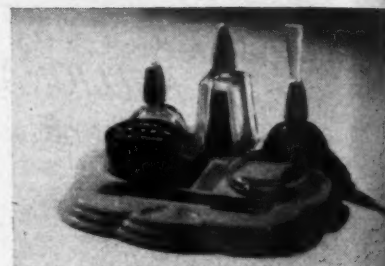
At good stores everywhere.  
For the one nearest you, write:

**TRIMFIT** Empire State Building • New York 1

The pair and pin  
complete 89c

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

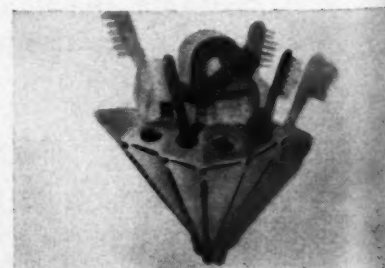
## TEEN Shop Talk



Beauty at your fingertips as well as on your dressing table... Everything you need for a manicure on a shell-pink tray slotted to hold essentials in place... Even a rest for your nails... Includes Pink 'n' Sweet or Natural polish plus harmonizing lipstick. "Your Very Own" set by Cutex; \$2.72 at cosmetic counters in all fine stores



Invitation to the bath... extended to the whole family, especially Junior... Shulton's fine soap decorated with three gay caricature faces... Left to right, the brunette, redhead, and the dandy. Suspension cord keeps soap always handy, always firm and dry. Each 7½ ounce cake individually boxed; \$1, Arnold Constable, New York 16

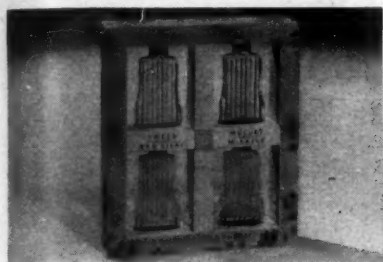


The umbrella that keeps your toothbrush dry... Designed to allow bristles to air as water drains off. Makes a compact, decorative container for four brushes. Includes easy-to-apply cement... or may be hung on a hook. White ceramic with blue, pink, green, or yellow trim; \$1.50. Here's How, Dept. AG, 27 E. 22 St., New York 10

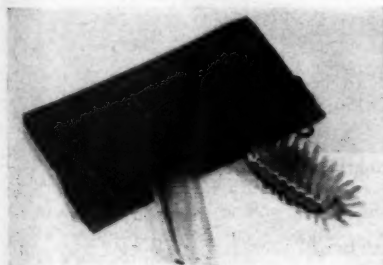
APRIL, 1955

Order items directly from addresses listed. Enclose check or money order. Refund guaranteed on all nonpersonalized items returned within seven days.

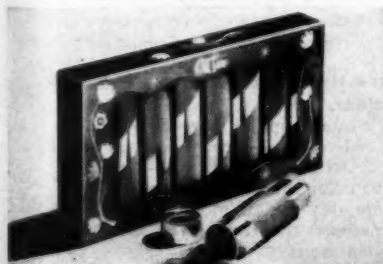
Sentimentally speaking, here's a lovely way to express your affection on Mother's Day... "Four Keeps" by Lenthieric—a smart and unusual box, bedecked in spring trim, with four open windows... In each, a one-ounce bottle filled with a popular, fragrant bouquet—Tweed, Muguet, Red Lilac, and Miracle. \$2, tax included; Hudson's, Detroit



A bonnie "Scotch Poke" to groom a bonnie lass... Tartan taffeta zipper case, latex lined, with lucite hairbrush and comb set tucked neatly inside. Handy to restore windblown hair, to perk up your looks at a moment's notice; fits comfortably in purse or hand. \$1.00, Amy Abbott, Dept. AG, 344 W. 52 St., New York 19



A billowing mountain of bubbles... enough for sixteen luxurious baths (depending on how high you like your billows)... Eight blue and gold cylinders filled to the brim with water-softening crystals, beautifully displayed in a picture-frame box. The fragrance, Shulton's Old Spice; \$1\*, Arnold Constable's, New York 16



\*Please add 10% Federal tax  
THE AMERICAN GIRL



BOBBIE BRA #442—wonderfully washable cotton, embroidered with danseuse figure. 30AA to 36A. \$1.75. Bobbie Britches #809—leno elastic, with front panel, embroidered to match bra. \$3.95.

BOBBIE STRAPLESS #467—cotton, embroidered with danseuse figure. Whisper-light foam rubber padded uplift, wire-underscored cups. 30AA to 36A. \$2.50. Bobbie Girdle #909—leno elastic with embroidered elasticized batiste front panel. \$3.95.

High-schoolers!  
We turn your  
wishes into features  
of *Bobbies*  
by Formfit

SEE YOUR OWN IDEAS in Bras and Girdles carried out to perfection in Bobbies! High-schoolers from a wide section of the country—representing you on the Bobbie Fashion Board—cue Formfit designers on your wants and needs. That's why Bobbies have that wonderful "made-for-you" way about them—meet all your requirements so perfectly. In the world's largest selection of teen-tailored Bras and Girdles—for every occasion—every figure type. At your favorite store!



A. M. told us, "We want Panties with legs that don't bind or roll!"



C. R. said, "We want to choose from a variety of styles!"



L. T. said, "We want a strapless bra that really fits!"



Free Calorie Counter shows you how to take off weight or put it on—easily, safely. Handy purse-size. Write for yours today! The Formfit Company, Dept. BF-55, 400 South Peoria Street, Chicago 7, Illinois. Prices slightly higher in Canada





by Marilyn C. Menz, of Springfield, Mass., at a "surprise party"

# S'prise!

Ever see so much concentrated surprise?

It's a marvelous picture—a classic of its type.

And this may surprise you. It was made with an uncomplicated, inexpensive camera—a Brownie Hawkeye Camera, with flash, loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film—the popular favorite.

Marilyn Menz, who made the picture, has a habit of taking her camera along. And look how that habit paid off!

The Brownie Hawkeye Camera is one of Kodak's famous, inexpensive, beautifully capable cameras. Ask your Kodak dealer to show you one.

And when you get yours, don't be surprised if your pictures turn out to be the talk of the town.



**Brownie Hawkeye Camera, only \$6.95**  
**Flashholder, \$4.**

Today's most popular camera. Simple to use—the lens is pre-focused for you at the factory. Gives clear black-and-whites, brilliant color shots, too—indoors, outdoors, day and night.

Prices subject to change without notice and include Federal Tax

**Eastman Kodak Company**

**Rochester 4, N. Y.**





# First Dance

Agony? Misery? Boredom?  
Or a shining memory and the  
beginning of a dream?

by PAUL T. COLLINS

Illustration by Irv Docktor

IT WAS RAINING and Pop was singing in the shower. I crawled wearily out of bed and kicked the door shut with my bare foot, but his singing still drifted in through the door. Ted Simpson and I had bowled for a couple of hours last night and I had planned on sleeping late this morning. Tonight was the big dance at Menton High, and I would need those few extra hours of sleep.

I rolled over in bed and pulled my pillow over my head, but it got stuffy and I couldn't breathe, so I pushed the pillow away and just lay there, warmly comfortable, listening to Pop singing and the heavy drumming of the rain on the roof.

The singing stopped in a burst of off-key melody; the shower was turned off. I knew Pop would lumber into my bedroom in a few minutes, shake my shoulder, and bellow in my ear, "Rise and shine, Bill!"

I didn't particularly want to "rise and shine" on a day like this. All I wanted to do was loaf around the house for a while and then roam over to Ted's.

The bathroom door opened. Pop padded across the hall into my room and up to the bed. He gave my shoulder a brisk shake.

"Rise and shine, Bill!" he bellowed. "You don't want to sleep your life away, do you, son?"

I rolled over and counted slowly to ten: "Pop," I said finally, "would you just for once cut out the 'Rise and shine'?"

Pop laughed good-naturedly. "Now, Bill . . ."

Pop wasn't such a bad egg, if you didn't take him too seriously. After Pop had given me the word for not cleaning the garage or taking out the garbage, Mom would say, "William, you mustn't take your father too seriously."

Pop, his dignity and paternal control at stake, would answer, "Alice, how will I ever keep the boy in check?"

"William doesn't need to be kept in check anymore, Henry," she'd tell him firmly. "A seventeen-year-old boy should have a little common sense."

I hated Mom to call me "William." She called me William in front of everybody. William sounds so—so old-fashioned. But as long as I can remember, she's called me "William" instead of "Bill."

I like the name Bill. It's an easy, comfortable name. And whenever Valerie, my girl, calls me Bill, it's enough to stop the flowing of my blood.

Valerie has been my girl for a long time and despite a few spats (she calls them "misunderstandings") we hit it off pretty well together. Pop thinks Val is too flashy and unnatural. He likes people to be natural. I once told Val what Pop had said, and she got mad and snapped, "Well, Bill, you can't please *everybody*, you know."

There's a girl who recently moved next door to us named Beth Huber. She's really a funny one. I don't think she's ever spoken five words in her whole life . . . at least not to me. Many a time I've seen her in her backyard, digging in her mother's flower garden, and I'd go over to pass the time with a little chitchat.

Talking to Beth Huber was like talking to yourself. She'd kneel in front of a flower bed, her brown eyes a thousand miles away, and nod her head ever so gently as I talked. Beth is an honor student at Menton High. She's made speeches in Miss Fitch's public-speaking class, but whenever I talked to her, she'd close up like a frightened clam.

At least once a week Mom would say, "Now, William, why

don't you go over and call on Beth Huber?"

"Gosh, Mom, why do I have to call on her? I'd ask in disgust. "She has as much personality as a-a telephone pole."

Mom would frown disapprovingly. "William, that's not at all nice. You simply don't understand Beth."

"Okay, Mom," I'd sigh, "so I don't understand Beth Huber."

Truthfully, I would rather clean the garage than call on Beth Huber. You might say she was sort of pretty if she didn't wear her hair in such an old-maidish way. It should be full and wavy like Val's. The dresses she wears look like her mother's, lovingly remade, cut down to size, and handed to Beth like cherished heirlooms.

I climbed out of bed, took a shower, and then put on a pair of dungarees, a T-shirt, a varsity sweater, and crammed my feet into a worn-out pair of loafers.

I ambled over to the bedroom window, which looks down on the backyard, and stared at the rain. It was a slow drizzle now, probably one of those all-day affairs. As I turned to go downstairs, the phone began ringing on the landing.

"I'll take it," I called down to Mom and picked up the phone.

Valerie's voice, sounding even more breathless than usual, said, "Bill? This is me. Val. Hope I didn't get you up."

"Heck, no. I was just going down to breakfast. Why, what's up, Val?"

"Oh, Bill, you're going to be very mad at me . . . I mean after we made all those plans for the dance and everything."

"Is something the matter, Val?" I asked. "No trouble about the dance at this late hour, I hope?"

"Bill, the most terrible thing has happened. Bob Tate is staying at our house for the week end, and when he heard about the dance, he insisted that I go with him." Valerie was talking so fast her words jumbled together. "You know Bob Tate, Bill; he's a sophomore at Amherst."

"Really?" I said casually, trying to keep my voice low and controlled.

"I'm awfully sorry, Bill."

"You mean our date is off?" I said.

"I'm awfully sorry," Valerie repeated again. I felt queer and empty all over, as if I had suddenly been hit in the stomach.

"Bill? Are you still there, Bill?"

I heard her click the lever down several times. "Yes, I'm still here. Well, thanks for calling, Valerie. Have fun with Mr. Amherst."

"Bill, you're really being adolescent."

I didn't mean to be rude, but I hung up. I stood on the landing for a few minutes, feeling dejected and very mad.

I walked down the rest of the stairs slowly and went into the kitchen. Pop was just finishing the morning paper and getting ready to leave for the office. He works on Saturdays.

"Bill, don't forget about the garage today," Pop reminded me. "You promised your mother you'd clean it last week end."

"Okay, Pop. Don't worry." I watched

Mom putting dishes in the sink. "I won't be needing the car tonight, Pop. That was Valerie on the phone. She's going to the dance with some guy from Amherst."

"Oh, William, I'm so sorry," Mom said sincerely. "That wasn't a very nice thing for Valerie to do after you bought those tickets."

"It was a heck of a thing to do!" I said bitterly. "Once you make a date with a girl the only decent thing she can do is keep it. You knock yourself out making plans for a good time and then poof! you have no date."

"Easy, Bill," Pop said, putting on his raincoat. "How about coming to the office with me this morning?"

"Thanks, Pop, but I think I'll clean the garage and then amble over to Ted's."

Cleaning the garage was the last thing in the world I had wanted to do, but now it didn't seem so bad. Ted, Jane, Valerie, and I had planned on going to the dance as a foursome.

"How many eggs, William?" Mom asked over her shoulder, going to the kitchen stove.

"Just toast, Mom," I said. "I'm not very hungry."

Pop said from the doorway, "I'll be home early in case you should want the car tonight." He stood there a moment and then he turned, his face brightening. "What about Beth Huber? Couldn't she pinch-hit for Valerie?"

"Beth Huber?" I asked incredulously. "That's really hitting rock bottom, Pop."

Pop shrugged resignedly. "Suit yourself, son. Beth seems like a level-headed girl to me." He turned to Mom. "Alice, want me to drop you off at the market on my way to the office?"

"Yes. I'll only be a minute, Henry," Mom said, taking off her apron. "William, you can get yourself some breakfast, can't you? There's some fresh orange juice in the refrigerator."

"Sure, Mom." I went over to the toaster, put in some bread, and pushed down on the lever savagely.

I finished cleaning the garage in an hour. I thought I'd go over and tell Ted that I wouldn't be going to the dance with him.

Ted was in the middle of breakfast when I walked into his house.

"Hi, Bill," he greeted me. "How about some pancakes?"

"Not hungry," I said. "Thanks anyway."

Ted, who's blond and slight and a terrific tennis player, noticed my glum look and stopped eating. "What's up, Bill?" he asked, leaning his elbows on the dining-room table.

"Ted, the dance is off as far as Valerie and I are concerned. She called this morning and said she was going with some Bob Tate."

Ted poured more syrup over his half-eaten pancakes. "Isn't there another girl you could buzz?"

"Pop suggested Beth Huber. But she's out of the question."

"What's the matter with Beth?" Ted asked thoughtfully between mouthfuls. "She's no life of the party, of course, but—"

"Ted," I broke in, "Beth's so—"

Ted laughed. "Come off it, Bill. There's nothing wrong with Beth. Why don't you ask her?"

"Well, I suppose I could give it a try," I agreed reluctantly at last.

"Now you're talking. Let me know how you make out."

On the way over to Beth's house all I could think about was Valerie. It had stopped raining; the air was heavy with the smell of wet leaves. I went down the gravel driveway that separates the Huber property from ours. Beth was on her knees near a flower bed, her face turned so that she didn't see me coming.

"Beth . . ." I began, knowing that I was going to be awkward and schoolboyish about asking her to the dance.

She looked up, startled, her eyes dark and expressionless. "Oh, it's you, Bill," she said. She pulled off a weed-stained glove and brushed a strand of brown hair back into its prim position.

*We moved smoothly together with the music*



"Isn't it a little late in the season for gardening?" I asked.

"Mother planted some bulbs yesterday, and I wanted to see if she planted them deep enough."

I was surprised that she had favored me with a few of her precious stored words. Perhaps she had a tongue after all.

"It's been raining so hard all morning," she continued, "I thought the bulbs might have been unearthed."

She went on talking about bulbs and soil, but her words seemed vague and distant. For the first time I was aware of her prettiness. It wasn't obvious and flashy prettiness like Val's; it was natural and soft.

"... don't you think so, Bill?" she was asking.

I snapped back to the present. "Think? ... What? ... Oh, yes, yes, I do, Beth," I stammered uncertainly. "I wish Mom were interested in gardening and stuff like that, but she says she doesn't have the time."

"It does take a lot of work, Bill."

Beth removed her other glove. I could see that her hands were small and white. Her fingernails were faintly pink.

After a (Continued on page 30)







# Flutes and Drums

Spring can come in with "flutes and drums,"  
and sometimes it can bring tragedy

by KATHERINE REEVES

Illustrated by John Fernie

**K**EN RACED DOWN the long flight of steps leading from the doors of the senior high to the street, weaving his way in and out of the crowd of laughing, chattering boys and girls until he caught up with Nan.

"How'd you get out of lab in such a hurry?" He tucked her hand under his arm and added her plane geometry to the chemistry workbook he was carrying.

Nan laughed. "Hurry's just the word.

Do I have to give you three guesses why?"

Ken put on an exaggerated expression of deep thought. "Couldn't be you're baby-sitting?"

"That's it. Smart boy. Thought I'd try it for a change."

They both laughed. Nan's baby-sitting was big business. It seemed to Ken that all the mothers in Greendale wanted her to take over for them sometime during the week, and always on the nights of the best

movies or basketball games. But he could understand why they wanted her. She was gentle and she kept her mind on her business.

Ken steered her expertly through the noisy crowd waiting on the corner for the school bus. "Who's the lucky infant today?"

"Toby Warren. The Warrens had to go over to Central City. They left Toby with old Mrs. Anderson next door until I could get there." She looked at her watch. "Quarter past three, Ken. I'd better run."

Ken handed her the geometry book. "I have to work at the store until five. But how about walking you and Toby down to band practice after supper?"

She shook her head. "A three-year-old has to go to bed right after supper. At least Toby does." Then, seeing Ken's dis-

*As they sat down to rest for a moment, Toby wandered off in pursuit of a friendly cocker-spaniel puppy*

appointment, she added, "But how about meeting us when you get off at five? We're going down to the duck pond in the park to have ourselves a time feeding the swans and ducks. You can walk us home."

"Oke, see you about five thirty." Ken was off, his long legs taking huge strides.

Nan raced up the street in the opposite direction. The air, sharp and cold with the wet tang of late winter, held a faint fresh feeling of spring. In a few weeks, Nan thought, all these bare trees will be full of leaves, the popcorn wagon will be out in the park, and there'll be baseball practice. I love spring best of all the year.

She stopped a moment on the bridge over Stony Creek, to watch the swollen flood of brown waters running in spring thaw from the hills. A poem she had read that morning in English class came into her thoughts "... let me thrill with spring's first flutes and drums..." This roaring, swirling water had the sound of flutes and drums, a deep, primitive music.

Toby was waiting on Mrs. Anderson's porch. He looked like a round red bird in his snowsuit and helmet and rubber boots. In one hand he clutched a paper sack, and Nan knew it held the dry bread for the ducks. He ran down the walk to meet her, and she swung him off the ground in a big hug. She loved Toby and he loved her.

"Just a minute till I tell Mrs. Anderson I've got you; then we'll go find those hungry ducks. You wait right here." Obediently he sat down while Nan opened the front door and called, "Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Anderson. It's Nan. I'll take Toby now." And at Mrs. Anderson's "All right, lovey," she closed the door and took Toby's hand.

They ran down the walk, the bag of crusts bumping against Toby's short legs. Breathless and giggling they skipped down the stony path in the park. Toby's round cheeks were as red as his mittens.

Nan felt strangely happy. Her blood ran free and warm, and she wanted suddenly to shrug off the heavy clothing of winter and feel the fresh spring wind.

"Spring's coming, Toby," she cried, "with flowers and birds... and flutes and drums."

"Flutes and drums," echoed Toby, "and ducks and..." he looked around for an idea and saw a fat pink worm on the path, "... and worms..."

Nan shouted with laughter and Toby laughed, too, pleased with his success. The late afternoon sun was warm on their backs and the brown waters of the pond were ruffled with the fleet travel of the waterfowl. They sat on the broad stone wall and opened their bag of crusts. Nan put a protective arm around Toby, to keep him safe in case his enthusiasm for throwing crusts got the better of his caution.

For a long time they sat there in contentment, throwing their bits of bread and

watching the swift, greedy approach of the ducks. So absorbed were they that they did not even know Ken was near, until he pitched a pine cone over their heads, straight in the path of a ravenous swan, who nipped it as it hit the water, then swam away in disgust.

"Time to go, kids," Ken swung Toby to his shoulder amid a shower of crumbs.

"I want my supper," Toby took firm hold of Ken's ears for balance.

"Ouch," cried Ken. "Let go my ear, boy. Put your arms around my neck but don't strangle me."

Toby locked his arms tightly around Ken's neck. "Be a horse," he shouted, and Ken obligingly galloped and shied at a park bench.

They walked briskly, for the air was suddenly wintry as the sun went down. At the park gate they met a long-eared cocker, and Toby shouted to be put down. He and the cocker joined forces, trotting along together, stopping at the same time to collect a stone or stick, or examine some fascinating object.

Ken and Nan talked little. Today they seemed to need no conversation. To both there was a deep pleasure in being together, watching the little boy and the dog.

When we get to Stony Creek, Nan thought, I'll tell Ken how I felt today when I heard the water. He'll remember the poem, too. And the good knowledge came to her that she could talk with Ken about almost anything and he would understand. I can relax and be myself with Ken, she thought. As though he knew what was in her mind, he reached out to take her hand and they swung along in step. Nan felt warm and good. It felt right to be walking this way, with Ken's hand in hers, their strides matched.

Afterward she was never quite sure how it happened. All she could remember of that terrible moment when Toby disappeared was that as they sat down to rest for a moment above Stony Creek Bridge, the cocker took a sudden turn toward the shrubbery—Ken told her later he was chasing a squirrel—and Toby went right after him. The bank, loose with rain and swollen creek waters, was crumbling and slippery. Nan heard one sharp, frightened cry, then no more.

Ken covered the distance to the bridge in seconds. The swift, cruel waters had swept Toby yards away. His red snowsuit ballooned around him, holding him on the surface like a bobbing cork. But as soon as the water soaked through the fabric he would be drawn under.

Nan was frozen with terror. It held her like a great weight, as though her body were iron and could not move. Then she felt Ken's hands on her shoulders.

"Nan!" He shook her. "Get the fire department pulmotor to come to the lower bridge. Hurry." (Continued on page 43)



# Champion on Wheels

by BIL GILBERT

**T**HOUGH NO ONE has ever bothered to count them, it is probably a safe guess that on any pleasant day there are several hundreds of thousands of boys and girls roller skating on the sidewalks of America. Six years ago Nancy Mitchell, who lives in Silver Spring, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D. C., was one of these many thousands. She was no different than any of the neighborhood skaters. She took her share of spills and occasionally bandaged a scraped knee or elbow, just as has almost everyone who has ever skated.

Today, at fifteen, Nancy Mitchell is very different from any other young roller skater. Nancy is now the Junior Dance Roller Skating Champion of the United States—the youngest skater ever to win this honor. Moreover, some skating experts, including the nationally known professional Charles Lowe, who has coached Nancy, believe that this attractive tawny-haired teen-ager has a good chance of winning the Senior Dance Roller Skating title—thus establishing herself as America's very best woman skater in her specialty.

Nancy was only nine when the event occurred which sparked her ambition to be more than a "sidewalk skater." That was 1948—the year the International Roller Skating Tournament was held in Washington. With her parents, Dr. and Mrs. John Mitchell (Dad is a noted scientist),

she attended the performances. The entire family was thrilled by the grace and skill displayed by the world's top skaters.

"I'd never seen anything so beautiful" Nancy recalls. "I began wishing I could skate as they did."

Shortly afterward she enrolled in a Saturday-morning class at one of Washington's roller rinks. She found she enjoyed the sport, and her instructors discovered she had a great deal of natural talent. Her parents became skating enthusiasts too, and with their encouragement she began to practice regularly.

Nancy soon found that competitive roller skating is a large and intricately organized sport in America, with chances to win titles and honors in several different divisions. The Amateur Roller Skating Association—of which Nancy is a member—sponsors competition in three types of skating: racing, free style, and dance. Roller racing is of course based on speed. Free style is comparable to figure skating on ice. Dance skating requires that partners, a boy and a girl, follow the steps and movements of a number of dances diagrammed in the skating handbooks. The contestants are judged for their rhythm as well as the execution of the steps.

Nancy decided to specialize in the dance division, regarded as the most difficult. She was (Continued on page 40)

Photos by Bill Beanland

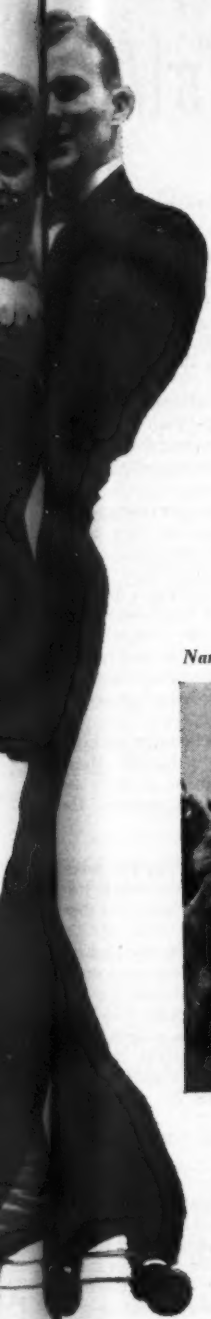


Nancy, at 15, has many interests—her roller skating is only one



Rolling along!—whether it's tango, fox trot, waltz, or polka, Nancy and Fred can show you how to make rhythm





*Nancy Mitchell and Freddy Wheeler  
look over their roller-skating trophies*



*Dad is a noted scientist—but  
he enjoys watching a roller-skating match*

*Nancy's cocker Teensy scorns her stuffed pets*



*Our star plays good ping-pong, basketball,  
volleyball. She skates on ice—but prefers wood*

*Wallflower?—Oh, no! Just relaxing for a new turn on wheels!*



*It takes a brave man to dance  
with little Miss Nimbletoes!*



ango,  
Fred  
rhythm

APRIL, 1930



*"Have a cooky? I made them myself!"  
Our American Girl cook made her own  
cutouts for the Easter shapes, too*

# Cooking with Judy

*"Sugar and spice and everything nice"  
go into this month's delicious cooky recipes*

by ALICE C. SANDERSON

**H**I, JUDY, COME ON IN! I'm getting out recipes and supplies for the cookies." "Hello, Miss Sanderson," said Judy. "I could hear you laughing when I came in. What's so funny?"

"It's this old recipe book. Just for fun, I was looking up a Foundation Cooky recipe in it, and this is what I found: 'One and one-half cups white sugar; one-half cup butter, one-half cup cold water in which is dissolved a little soda. Flavor. Mix stiff.' And that's all!"

"Oh, no! Are we going to follow *that* recipe, are we?"

"Well, my mother learned to cook from this book."

"But I don't see how she could! I mean, it doesn't sound like a regular recipe."

"It certainly doesn't. That was what was amusing me. I was only teasing, Judy. There are so many good cookbooks today—you can take your choice. We will use a modern version of that recipe to make some Easter cookies. First, let's read the recipe and directions through carefully. Then we will get out the ingredients and utensils we need. That way we save time later on."

## FOUNDATION COOKIES

1 cup sugar	2 cups sifted flour
½ cup shortening	1 teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten	1 tablespoon milk
2 teaspoons baking powder	½ teaspoon vanilla
	½ teaspoon lemon extract

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg and mix well. Sift baking powder, flour, and salt together. Add in three parts to creamed mixture. Mix well after each addition. Combine flavorings and milk. Add to batter.

Roll on floured board, or between two pieces of wax paper. Cut into desired shapes. Bake on greased cooky sheet in moderate oven (350°) 10 minutes. Makes thirty 3-inch cookies.

To decorate, place raisins on top before baking. Or spread with glaze after cooling.

"Now, let's begin. Why don't you take over, Judy?"

"All right. When a recipe says to cream, I cream the shortening first, like this; until it's light and fluffy. Then I add the sugar a little at a time, and cream until the whole mixture is light and fluffy. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes. You see, the air you trapped in as you creamed helps to make the cookies light."

"You were smart to use the small cup, that holds just a half cup, to measure the shortening, and the one that holds just one cup for the sugar, and to level off the top with the back of a knife."

"If you needed two cups of sugar you could use that one-pound package. Two cups equal one pint, and 'A pint's a pound the world around' when you talk about sugar or butter."

"What about flour?"

"No, that isn't true for everything—flour or tea, for instance. Flour packs very easily, so we will sift a couple of cups onto this sheet of wax paper and *then* measure. That way we will be sure to use just the right amount. See, there's some left over. That much extra flour would be enough to make the cookies tough."

"Now we will mix the dry ingredients together, and the milk and flavorings together. Then when we add them to the batter they will be evenly distributed."

"Put the dough in the refrigerator for a half hour, so it won't be sticky to handle. Meantime we can preheat the oven, prepare our cooky sheets, and choose our designs. The cutters are in that drawer."

As they finished washing the dishes, Judy asked, "How do you know when your oven is hot enough? We use an oven thermometer."

"We set the oven regulator for the heat the recipe called for. Remember how as soon as we turned the handle we could hear the rush of gas and see a high flame? Now look. The flame is small—just enough to maintain the heat we want—and we can hardly hear the gas. Occasionally I check the regulator with my oven thermometer, to be sure it is accurate."

"I've found a round cutter, but there aren't any Easter shapes."

"That's no problem. While I roll out the dough between these two sheets of wax paper, so it won't stick to the counter or rolling pin, you draw some chickens, rabbits, and Easter eggs—remember how you made them in grade school? Then cut them out of this piece of wax paper from the margarine carton—you could use a butter carton, too. We will lay the cutouts over the paper and dough, then cut around them, through paper and dough. Peel off the top layer of paper. The cookies will keep their shape when you flip them onto the baking sheet. Now peel off the other layer of paper. By the way, the thinner you roll out your dough, the crisper the cookies will be, and the faster they will bake."

"This sheet is full, Miss Sanderson. I'll put it in the oven and get the next ready."

"That's good planning. We ought to be able to have a sheet being filled, one finishing baking, and a third starting to bake. Don't forget that in the oven the sheets should have space around them so the hot air can circulate."

(Continued on page 36)

# Make Camping Gear!

Now's the time to prepare for outdoor fun!

THE OLD MALADY is abroad again and we're all coming down with it—spring fever! Rain may still be dribbling out of the sky. The trails are muddy. But we know without looking that violets are pushing up around the edge of town, and birds are planning a housing boom. So—we're restless for the out-of-doors. Winter parties were fun, but we long to go hiking, picnicking, and camping. Before the expedition sets forth, it's the perfect moment to start making some simple camping gear. Just a few things that are useful when you're far from refrigerator, gas stove, and kitchenette. For instance, a bag that will carry luncheons hot or cold, all ready for the feast in the open; a versatile bandanna that you can sit on, or wear on your head, or use as a picnic tablecloth; a reflector oven that will bake almost anything: biscuits, pies, meat loaf, in front of a comfortable blaze of logs.

## Reflector Oven

The reflector oven is very simple and inexpensive to make. You will need five flat cake trays and ten bolts with wing nuts. The cake tins are available in five-and-ten, department, and hardware stores. They range in size, price, and quality from thirty-nine to ninety-eight cents. They all have about an inch rim all around. The best size is about 12"x18", but slightly smaller ones will do. Buy small bolts—about  $\frac{3}{8}$ " in length. Stove bolts  $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 1"

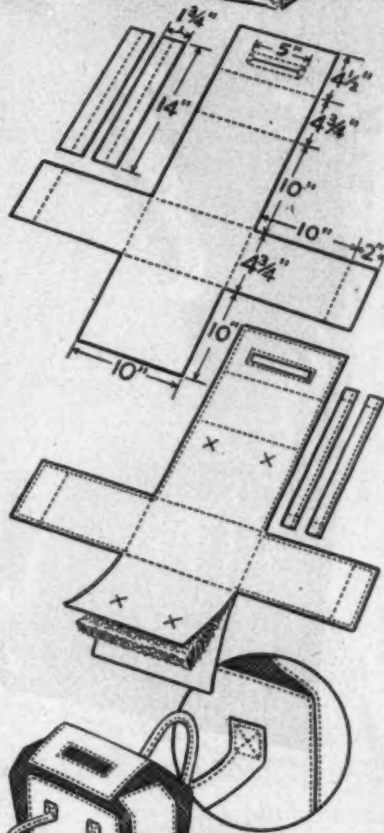
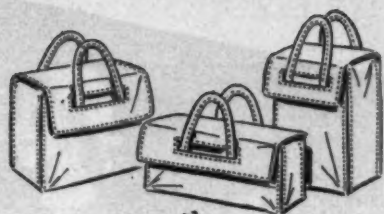
will serve the purpose. Follow the diagram (below, left). Stand two trays, rims in, facing each other. Slip the middle tray between them; be sure it is absolutely level. Now fit in the two trays that form the "V". The three trays meet at the back. With a pencil, mark the points for the bolts (five on each side) and drill holes or punch with a nail. Insert the bolts and tighten nuts.

The oven can be dismantled and carried flat. You can make a canvas or denim bag for it by measuring the pans as they lie flat, and adding one inch all around, plus an extra two inches for a flap at the top of the bag. Stitch three sides of the bag, hem the flap, also hem the top edge over which it turns; then add a snap or button for a closing. You might also make a small bag, that can be tied to one tray, for the bolts.

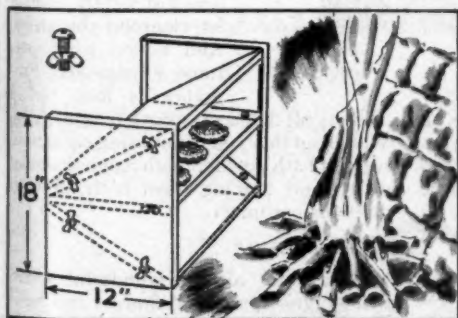
This oven will roast a fine dinner for hungry campers. Place it about ten inches from the fire and preheat it before starting to cook. Then move it backward or forward as needed. (See photograph of a Girl Scout using a reflector oven on page 52.) It is a wise idea to bake on foil. Whatever you bake must be placed absolutely flat on the tray.

## Insulated Picnic Bag

The best materials for the outside of this bag are vinyl, felt, oilcloth, or plastic material. You can also make the outside of denim or duck (Continued on page 53)



So easy to make and useful!—this insulated sack to carry either hot or cold foods; the waterproof bandanna that will double as tablecloth or hat; the reflector oven that is so handy for all picnic cookery



by CORINNE MURPHY

Drawings by Henry Schroder



*A girl in a homemade dress  
can be fresh and pretty as a spring bud!*



*Singer Sewing Machine—Junior Dressmaking Contest*

by GLYNNE

*"She walks in beauty"—the  
poet said—but what is it that  
makes her loveliness?*

## Focus on the Finish

**T**HE BOYS AT THE CORNER TABLE in "Johnny's Fountain" were talking about girls. The conversation was strictly male. From girls-in-general the talk drifted to one . . . Marlene. A dreamy look came into Jack's eyes. "She's a peach! She's got finish."

"Yes," Bob said thoughtfully. "With a few more girls like her around, life would be a lot sweeter."

*Finish?* . . . What did they mean? Was it her spontaneity? Her hairdo? Was it her pleasant voice? Her clothes? Her glow of health? Perhaps it was the sum of these, and a special "plus" quality of being well put together.

And how about YOU? Do you think you'd "make out" if the talk were to pivot

about you? No long faces, please—you might be surprised. Still, there's always room for a better rating, particularly when it's vis-à-vis the masculine crowd! A little of Marlene's finish is worth cultivating, for it is this finish that will impart a wonderful form to the substance of you.

### **Cleanliness—First in the Finish**

Great jets of warm water, masses of soapy bubbles, you—slippery and wet—and a thick, thirsty towel at hand, waiting. Enough to make anybody purr! Yes, but there's more than delight in the bath or shower you take every single day. Remember, a pint to a quart of perspiration flows from your pores each twenty-four hours.

Finish—in the bath—is the scrubbing

that goes into knees, feet, elbows, and back; it is the special care given to little joints and crevices, ears, navel, neck, and eyelids.

Ears can be tricky to clean, but if you've ever seen a pretty girl bend toward you, exposing two grimy ones, you'll not forget your own pair. Wind up a thick dab of cotton, and dip in clean warm water. Gently jiggle it into the ear opening, then all around the ear, and behind it. Use fresh cotton for the other ear. Afterward, dry quickly with a towel or dry cotton and your ears will be "finished."

At bathtime, abandon the weary washcloth, and give your finger tips a workout. Lather soapy foam all over your skin, then rinse off first with warm, then clear, cool water. A cool splash tingles your skin and closes your pores.

If your complexion is dry—or if you have a weakness for cream—stroke a liberal helping of the cleansing kind on your face before stepping into the bath. Let it melt and run—goosey as it pleases; it is loosening the dirt in your pores all the while. When you're ready to come out, wipe off with a tissue, using an upward movement toward the temples. Then top off with a finger-tip soap-and-water cleansing—rinse and rinse once more.

All warm, clean, and dry—you are out of the bath. Now's the most effective time to apply a deodorant. Next, a sprinkling of bath powder—just lightly over; a lot clogs up the pores. And notice what perfume it gives off. Fragrance is fine, but a

medley of different scents is confusing. Watch out that you're not using carnation-scented bath powder, with magnolia toilet water, and topping them both off with gardenia perfume!

### **Aromatic "Finish"**

Hurrah for all the wonderful scents that suggest spring and flowers and Hawthorne bushes in the rain . . . and a thousand such poetic thoughts. Select light and springy scents. Strictly taboo for you are the heady, exotic odors.

Perhaps perfume atomizers should never have been invented. Squeezing them is too much fun, and unless you've great will power, you can walk away reeking! Use the little glass (Continued on page 39)

*Any way you look at it, it's a lovely way to look. The dress, complete and charming unto itself, squares off at neck . . . tapers to a tiny waist . . . blossoms into a wide wonder-full skirt. For another view add the single-button jacket, brief and solid, with print collar and black tie. Krumple-tone cotton by Lincoln in an abstract print on white ground with aqua or pink jacket; by Joseph Love; 8-14 subteen, about \$8. Stores on page 56*



PHOTO BY JERRY TIFFANY  
IRA WEISMAN HEADWEAR; HANSEN GLOVES  
YOUTH MODE BAG; MARVELLA JEWELRY

# Pretty

Twice-as-lovely subteen fashions  
straight through summer



2. Fashionable news in print by R.A.R.... Ruffled top, shirred straps, a skirt puffed with pride . . . Rose, blue, or gold on white chintz; black rayon-linen shrug, 8-14. About \$11

1. Two-way charm . . . First, the dress with shoulder-spanning scoop; for cover-up, the shapely jacket. Pink or blue with navy jacket; rayon-linen, 8-14. By Abby-Teens, about \$6

PHOTOS BY JERRY TIFFANY; DRAWINGS BY HILDA GLASGOW  
JEWELRY BY MARVELLA  
HATS BY IRA WEISMAN; BAGS BY YOUTH MODE



# Pair-Offs

in fashion worn right now  
in summer store listing turn to page 56



4.



5.

3. Light over dark for sweet sophistication... Yellow buds blossoming on black cotton... The top coverage, a yellow rayon-linen jacket; 8-14 Pre-Teens by Paramount. About \$11

4. To be worn with pride everywhere, every time. Petiteen's silk-and-cotton blend sparked with plaid at neck, pockets, jacket. Blue with red or pink with blue; 8-14. About \$15

5. Fresh as paint from the squared-off neck to the standout skirt. Red or pink broadcloth jacket; coordinated print dress in Fuller's plissé; by Sunny Lee; 8-14. About \$8



Two teen dresses in the lighthearted manner of spring . . . washable, wearable, and equally charming with or without the jackets. For where-to-buy, turn to page 56

## Best Foot Forward

**Left:** Delightful to look at, easy to wear . . . Under the jacket, a sleeveless dress with gently scooped neck and touches of lace. Light as a caress in pink or blue sheer cotton; by Sandra Lee, 8-16. About \$11

**Right:** Twice-wonderful and detailed for flattery. First and foremost, the jacket, frilled top to bottom. Part two, the dress, scallop and button-trimmed. Gray or lilac chambray; by Sandra Lee, 8-16. About \$11

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY TIFFANY  
GLOVES BY HANSEN; JEWELRY BY MARVELLA  
PARASOL BAG BY YOUTH MODE  
HATS BY IRA WEISMAN  
BOY FIGURINE, AN ORIGINAL "HUMMEL"



Here is your own department in the magazine.

Send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 57 for details



# THE WAITER First Fiction Award

Tenasu, shifting his tray to a precarious perch on his left shoulder, pushed open the swinging door that led from the steamy kitchen to the dining car. Relieving himself of his burden, he passed on to the next table and perfunctorily refilled the glasses from the pitcher of ice water that stood beside them. A garrulous, gray-haired passenger enveloped in an immense orange shawl and adorned with a pair of conspicuous, brass-colored earrings turned from her companions and informed the waiter that she desired a double Martini.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," replied Tenasu, who in spite of his apologies did not appear in the least concerned, "but we're still in Kansas. Alcohol prohibited."

The orange shawl made no effort to conceal her annoyance at the stupidity and inconvenience of State laws, but Tenasu, who was accustomed to this reaction, returned unperturbed to the kitchen with another load of dishes. It was already three in the afternoon and the dining car, with the exception of a few late-comers, was devoid of passengers. Tenasu stationed himself at the window opposite the table occupied by the orange shawl and her group and allowed his short-cropped black head to fall wearily against the glass. Outside a violent duststorm raged, where earlier that day a pattern of shadows cast by ominous rain clouds had rested on the broad plains. The passengers might find the Western landscape varied and unusual, but to Tenasu it was all too familiar.

There was something about the aristocratic, fine-jawed Ethiopian that immediately arrested the attention of perfect strangers. The flared nostrils, the distant, melancholy look in the deep-set eyes, and the thin lips that were almost never parted in a smile all contributed to a distinctive appearance that set Tenasu apart. Often Tenasu was aware of a similar distinction within himself—a singular and irrepressible independence. Once as he had leaned against the sealed windows of the Pullman car, his chocolate-brown skin contrasting sharply with the immaculate whiteness of his jacket, he had reflected on how the ambitions of his youth had never been realized. Tenasu had come to America with hope in his heart—America, the land of promise and of equality for all men. It was a limited America that he had come to know: an area eight feet wide that varied from time to time in length. Yet it covered a great deal of territory, housed a great many persons and taught a man a great deal—almost too much, this one reflected bitterly. Often he had watched the important white businessmen, fat and self-satisfied, with their brief cases and cigars,



## FIRST ART AWARD:

Barbara Burdon (age 17) Green Bay, Wisconsin



## FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

Patricia Wykoff (age 14) Salem, Ohio

travel from Los Angeles to Chicago, or from Chicago to Los Angeles, to carry out their impressive business transactions. Often he had watched the Negro porters make up their beds and the Negro waiters serve them their food. Tenasu, in whom an overpowering sense of injustice had developed as well as a sincere pity for his people, knew it to be the same elsewhere. Frequently with the train's passing through northeastern New Mexico, the sandstone cliffs, cloudless blue skies and bright carpets of green grass would suddenly lift his soul from under its cloak of inveterate moodiness. In such cases he would wish fervently for a handful of the good red earth-clay that lined the river banks that he might take it and with his skillful fingers mold this soil into another form, something different, something better . . .

"Waiter," came the crisp, impatient voice of the orange shawl, breaking his reverie, "where are we now?"

Tenasu stood for a moment, watching the clouds of dust, whipped by the wind, obscure the horizon. "In the desert, ma'am," he answered softly, as he fingered with his right hand the linen towel that lay folded neatly over his arm.

In the desert. Yes. With a sigh, Tenasu the Ethiopian turned from the window, crossed to the table, and began wearily to load his tray with empty dishes.

SUSAN LAMB (age 15) Pasadena, California

## MY FIRST EXPERIENCE ON A NEWSPAPER First Nonfiction Award

I remember my first day at the Detroit Free Press as if it were yesterday, although it was actually two summers ago. At nine on a bright June day a fifteen-year-old girl with the ambition to cover the Washington political scene found herself in the office of Mr. Frank Angelo, then feature editor. He kindly escorted me to the city room and introduced me to my city editor, whom I have come to admire very much. I found my duties were to answer the teletypes, fill glue bottles, go for the stock report, act as receptionist, sort mail, and be a general handy woman.

To my surprise, none of the reporters ran in the door looking as if he had just been in a scuffle with a master criminal and shouting, "Replate page one! I'm gonna bust this town wide open!" I also found the reporters were not the handsome rogues one reads about, but family men; that they did not spend all their free time in night clubs of questionable reputations; and that they were college graduates with broad knowledge. They did not carry press

(Continued on page 54)



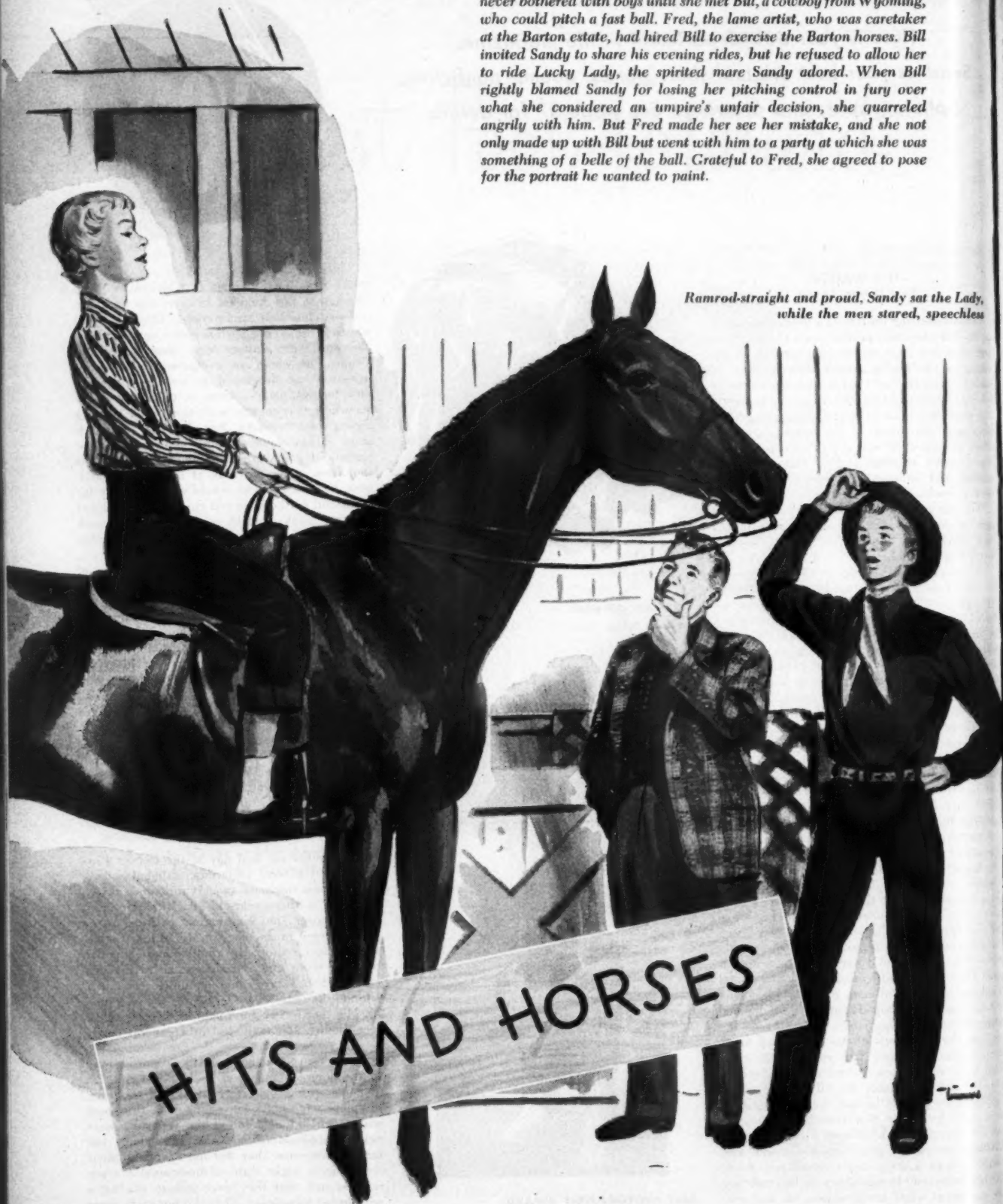
by AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN

Illustrations by Bill Timmins

THE STORY SO FAR

Sandy, star pitcher of the New Sharon girl's softball team, had never bothered with boys until she met Bill, a cowboy from Wyoming, who could pitch a fast ball. Fred, the lame artist, who was caretaker at the Barton estate, had hired Bill to exercise the Barton horses. Bill invited Sandy to share his evening rides, but he refused to allow her to ride Lucky Lady, the spirited mare Sandy adored. When Bill rightly blamed Sandy for losing her pitching control in fury over what she considered an umpire's unfair decision, she quarreled angrily with him. But Fred made her see her mistake, and she not only made up with Bill but went with him to a party at which she was something of a belle of the ball. Grateful to Fred, she agreed to pose for the portrait he wanted to paint.

Ramrod-straight and proud, Sandy sat the Lady, while the men stared, speechless.



# PART FOUR

THE NEXT DAY Sandy kept her first appointment to pose for her portrait. They left Bill to look after the horses while Fred and Sandy went back to the studio. Sandy had fully expected to spend a boring afternoon trying to sit still as a favor to Fred. But while he painted, Fred talked with her about horses and his boyhood in Iowa. Finally he said, "I guess we'll quit. For today at least."

"May I look?" she asked.

"Yes, if you won't expect too much."

"Is that me?" she asked, surprised. There was a shock of unruly hair. There were two eyes, grayish-blue. There was a nose that turned saucily up and a pointed chin.

"You should paint my sister Marlene," she said. "My face isn't good enough."

"Nothing in a face is good or bad, Sandy, until you put a person behind it. It's the thoughts, the feelings, the experiences that make the face what it is." He was scraping the paint to one side of his glass palette and wiping off his brushes. "And now we'd better get down and see how our cowboy is getting along with the horses."

Bill was busy checking his saddle and bridle to be sure everything was in order. He turned to look at Fred and a slow understanding smile passed between them. It seemed almost as if Fred's expressive eyes nodded to Bill.

Bill led Lucky Lady out of her stall. He looked toward Fred as much as to say, "The next move is yours." Fred took down a bridle and held it toward Sandy.

"All right, Sandy," he said. "Tack her up."

He's going to let me ride the Lady! Her thoughts leaped with joy. At last, he's going to let me ride her!

Her hands trembled as she took the bridle. Fred held on to it, looking into Sandy's eyes, as if he were saying, "I believe in you, Sandy. I know you can ride the Lady." What he did say was, "Remember she's a fool about her head. So take it easy."

Sandy looked over at the Lady. She was snuffing the rope, fighting already before there was anything to fight about. That sixth sense, which made her the high-strung animal she was, now informed her that something unusual was about to take place.

Sandy was not afraid of the Lady's shenanigans. The initial excitement over riding her had given way; now she had only one thought. She must do a good job of tacking her up. With the bridle in one hand, she fished in the pocket of her pants with the other, easing out a few pieces of carrot. She went slowly toward the Lady, head-on. She knew this was not the way to approach a head-shy horse. She had seen Bill bridle the Lady many times, and he did it skillfully, quickly, seeming to come up to her from nowhere and slip the bridle over her head before she realized he was near her.

Sandy had other ideas. She had pitched too many softball games in her own unorthodox way to believe that the only way to handle a head-shy horse was to make the animal believe you weren't there. She and the Lady were going to be friends for a long, long time. She was going to ride the mare not only today but other days. She was not going to have any misunderstanding between them, any subterfuge or deception. She loved the Lady too much for that.

There was not going to be any fear either. All this head-shy business was just fear. Someone long ago had frightened the Lady and no one had taken the trouble to break that fear. Everyone had always said, "She's hard to handle—a fool about her head," and strengthened the Lady's fears by giving in to them.

Sandy was aware that someone was talking to her. She heard the words, sharp and commanding, but she was not sure whether the voice was Bill's or Fred's.

"Watch out. Don't approach her head-on."

She kept going—slowly, positively progressing toward the restless Lady. The horse snuffed the rope, but when Sandy held out her hand with the carrots, the Lady sniffed inquisitively. She hesitated, then reached over and accepted the proffered treat.



Sandy burst out, "We New Sharon girls don't like an umpire who isn't fair!"

Sandy talked to her. "Hello, Lady. You and I are going to be friends. You're not afraid of me and I'm not afraid of you. I like you and you'll like me after you know me. Now, let's not have any nonsense about that head of yours." She paused. A wave of uncertainty swept over her. Once the carrots were gone, Lucky Lady might start acting up. This was a test as much for Sandy as for the horse. If Lucky Lady pitched about so Sandy couldn't bridle her, Sandy might not get another chance.

The Lady finished her carrots and looked at Sandy. Her ears went back and for a moment it looked as if she intended to give trouble. She didn't. She was listening to Sandy's voice.

"I'm going to put your bridle on now," Sandy said. "I don't want any nonsense about it. You're to hold still and let me do it."

With a swift, sure movement, she slipped the bridle over the Lady's head. Straight on, face-to-face, eye-to-eye, the horse and the girl looked at each other.

Lucky Lady snuffed the rope once or twice and then quieted down. The saddling was easier. Sandy used the same technique, making her movements deliberate and aboveboard. No deception. She spoke to the horse as she worked, letting her know what she intended to do and that she expected co-operation. Then, turning to Bill, she said, "Will you give me a leg up?"

Sandy swung onto the horse's back. The Lady's ears went back and she started to pitch. Sandy leaned over and stroked her neck. "There's no reason to get excited," she said. "You and I like each other. What's all the fuss about?" The pitching stopped abruptly. Sandy leaned over and kept talking to the Lady, encouraging her. "You're a good horse," she said. "You're a lady. That's your name, and I expect you to act like one."

It was only then that Sandy straightened up and became aware of the two men. She looked from one to the other. Bill's mouth was wide open and he stared as if he had seen a ghost, speechless and amazed.

The softball team was having a wonderful time. Sandy had always been their center of attraction, the girl who could pitch a winning game and furnish enough laughs to make the bus trips to and from another school a hilarious event. The old Sandy with the tangled hairdo and noisy talk and quick-on-the-trigger answers was fun. The new Sandy who used lipstick, wore dresses occasionally, and rode a horse named Lucky Lady, the Sandy who dated Wyoming Bill was fun—plus!

Now she could have her serious moments, too. A girl could talk to her companionably about a date or ask her about a new hairdo or a new shade of lipstick. In one thing only did she seem to remain unchangeable—her occasional outbursts of temperament on the softball diamond.

(Continued on page 46)

# Dial "S" for Sun

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**9153:** Just what you need for summer—for playing, working, or just relaxing—this trio of separates is easy to make. Choose Reeves woven denim checks for the blouse and trim of one set, with solid-color pedal pushers and shorts. Do a flip-over with another set, reversing your fabrics. Scotch plaid is smart, too. Sizes 10-18. In size 16, the blouse and trim take  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35" material; the pedal pushers, 2 yards; the shorts,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards

**4673:** Cool and pretty for sunny days and dates is a dress for sizes 11-17, with an eyelet yoke inset in the bodice and the new bustle-effect skirt trim. Pattern includes brief shoulder-covering sleeves shown in small sketch. Size 13 takes  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 35" fabric

**9093:** A halter dress as figure-flattering as this is perfect for summer. The full skirt is cluster-gathered for smooth fit; the bodice has soft fullness. It is sketched in floral-striped, crisp cotton. Sizes 10-16. For size 12 you will need  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35" material

These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. There is a clipout order blank on page 57



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## First Dance

(Continued from page 13)

moment's awkward pause, I said, "Beth, would you go to the dance with me tonight? I'd like to take you... we could... we could have a swell time." I scattered a pile of damp leaves with my foot.

She lowered her eyes and toyed with her gloves for a minute. Her pale cheeks turned crimson, then white again.

"What about Valerie?" she asked after a while, with surprising frankness. "I thought you were taking Valerie to the dance."

"Valerie's going with some house guest."

She lapsed into silence, digging again in the wet earth. I knelt down in the grass beside her, feeling the wetness seep through my dungarees. I touched her arm very gently. "I bought two tickets and thought I might as well use them."

Beth put her hand lightly on mine. Her eyes were soft-looking, like a fawn's. "Thanks, Bill," she murmured. "I'd-I'd like very much to go to the dance with you."

"Swell, Beth," I said, rising. "See you around eight."

"Eight," she repeated.

I walked across the wet lawn. At the gate I turned and waved. Beth lifted her gloved hand in a childish gesture. Then she smiled. As I went up the porch steps and into the house, I suddenly realized that it was the first time I had ever seen Beth Huber smile.

Mom was in the kitchen washing the dishes. I went up behind her and kissed the back of her neck.

"William, whatever brought that on?" she asked, turning to me and smiling.

I felt like dancing Mom around the kitchen floor, but instead, I grabbed a dish towel and began to dry the dishes.

"What's got into you, William? Did Valerie change her mind about going to the dance with that Tate boy?"

"Guess again," I said teasingly.

Mom eyed me critically. "All right, William, out with it. Whom are you taking to the dance?"

"I just asked Beth Huber and she said yes." Mom's eyebrows arched in amazement. "You-asked Beth-to the dance? William, I don't believe it."

"It's the truth, Mom. Can't a guy change his mind?"

"And his heart, too," Mom said.

I looked at her warily, but she turned and dropped her hands into the soapy dishwater.

"I'd better call Ted and let him know about Beth," I said quickly. "Pop will let me have the car tonight, won't he?"

"Of course. Go call Ted."

I went into the den and dialed Ted's number. He answered the phone almost immediately.

"Well, Bill, what's the verdict?"

"I'm taking Beth. I just asked her."

"So you've finally seen the light of day," Ted laughed. "Jane's coming over this afternoon and I'll pass the news on to her."

"I'm picking Beth up at eight. I'll stop by for you and Jane soon after. Okay?"

"Bill, would you mind very much if we met you at the dance? Dad said I could have the car tonight... and... well, this is Beth's first dance and I thought you might..."

"Okay, Ted. See you at the dance. So long."

The rest of the morning and afternoon went very quickly. I picked up my blue suit from the cleaners, stopped at Vito's Barber Shop

for a trim, and polished my black shoes to a high gloss.

I only picked at my food at dinner. I could see that Mom was disappointed, because she had cooked my favorite meal.

"William," she asked, frowning, "aren't you hungry?"

"The boy's all right, Alice," Pop said, winking at me. "He has more important things on his mind. Haven't you, Bill?"

After dinner I took a long, hot shower, dressed carefully, and brushed my hair with special pains. It was almost eight o'clock when I came downstairs.

"See you later, Pop," I called from the living-room doorway.

"Have a good time, Bill," he mumbled, without looking up from his paper.

Mom walked to the front door with me. "William," she said, "I had the florist send a corsage over to Beth's house."

I bent and kissed her cheek. "Thanks, Mom."

Mom's eyes were suddenly sericous. "Now you and Beth have a good time. Take care of her, Bill."

I looked at her in astonishment. "Mom, you called me *Bill*!"

She smiled. "William doesn't seem to fit you anymore."

It was a beautiful night. The sky was clear and full of stars. My breath seemed like a tight knot in my chest; my stomach was acting very queerly. I walked quickly up the front steps of Beth's house, hesitated a moment, then rang the doorbell.

The door opened and Mr. Huber asked me to come in.

"Good evening, Bill," he said, shaking my hand formally. "Beth is in the living room. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, Mr. Huber," I said briskly.

When I walked into the living room, Beth had her back to me, but she swung around and looked at me silently for what seemed like a long time. As usual, her brown hair was drawn smoothly to the nape of her neck, but she had on a faint touch of lipstick.

Beth moved stiffly toward me across the living room, looking acutely embarrassed. "Hello, Bill," she whispered.

"Hi," I said. Then I noticed that she was wearing a full-length white evening gown. She had pinned the corsage on her shoulder.

"All set?" I asked.

She nodded. In the hallway I helped Beth into her brown wool coat. Mr. Huber was watching us and when I opened the front door to leave, he said, "Not too late, Bill."

Beth didn't say a thing until we reached the high school and I had parked the car. Menton High was ablaze with lights and dance music filtered softly out through the open windows.

"Bill," she said finally, "is it unusual for a girl to be scared—scared to go in?" Her eyes looked dark and frightened; her lips trembled.

"No, Beth," I said softly, "it isn't unusual."

"I'm scared, Bill," she said desperately.

"There's nothing to be scared of. Nothing at all."

"I don't want to embarrass you."

I leaned across the car seat and touched her arm. "You'll never embarrass me, Beth. We're going to have a wonderful time."

Ted and Jane greeted us at the door. Jane took Beth's shaky hands in hers and looked at her gown admiringly. "Beth," she said sincerely, "what a pretty gown. Did your mother make it?"



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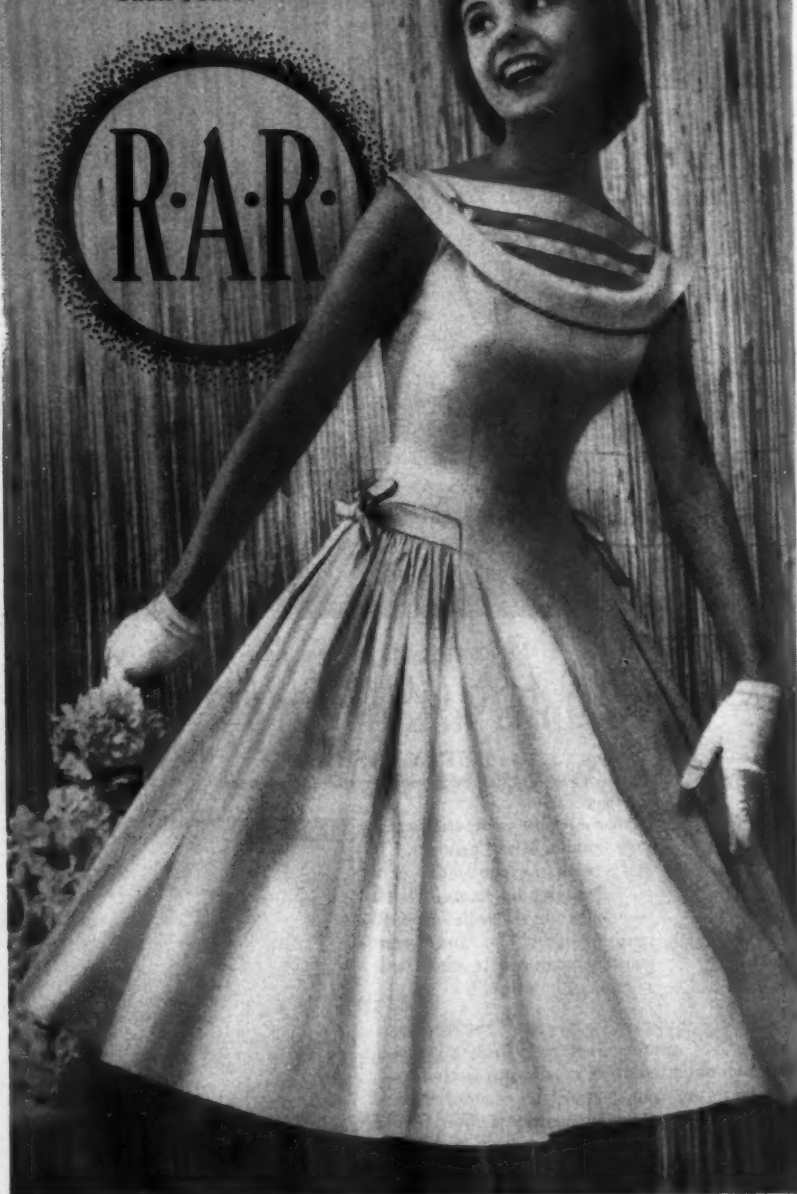
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"Yes," Beth flushed. "She makes all my clothes."

We checked our coats and then the four of us went into the gymnasium. It was beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns and multicolored streamers.

The lights suddenly dimmed and the high school band, looking stiff and uncomfortable, began to play a slow waltz. Ted grabbed Jane's hand and she moved into his arms.

In the semidarkness I could see the thin, pale outline of Beth's face. Her lips were trembling again.

"Beth," I said, "is everything all right? Would you rather sit this one out?"

"No, Bill, everything's fine." She smiled weakly. "Let's—let's—dance—"

She was slight and tense in my arms and glanced nervously at the dancers whirling around us. At first she followed me stumblingly, but as we danced she seemed to forget her fears. We moved smoothly together with the music and I sensed that she was happy. Her breath was warm against my cheek.

The music filled my ears and I was happy, too. With Beth in my arms I was hardly conscious of the dancers moving in the darkness around us. Beth's hand grasped mine tightly. The dancing loosened the knot of brown hair and it fell softly around her shoulders.

The music stopped on a swell of melody, the lights flashed on, and Beth broke quickly out of my arms.

Ted and Jane hurried through the crowd toward us. "Bill," Ted remarked, grinning, "guess who just made a g-r-a-n-d entrance?"

"You don't have to tell me," I said, glancing at Beth. "Valerie, of course."

"Of course," Jane joined in. "That Bob Tate's not so bad-looking," she added, smiling teasingly at Ted.

"Valerie's coming this way now," Ted observed. "I think it's about time for me to get some punch. Don't run away."

We all turned automatically. I saw Valerie sweeping across the polished dance floor with Bob Tate following her. I had never seen Valerie so flashy-looking. Her pink dress seemed made of endless yards of filmy cloth, flaring at her small waist, and her full lips were a blaze of red.

"Why, Bill Ashton, I didn't expect to see you here tonight," Valerie cooed when she reached us, smiling with cool detachment at Beth. "I'm certainly surprised."

"The world is full of pleasant surprises, Val," I said, reaching for Beth's moist hand. "I think you know Beth Huber."

"How are you, Beth? Do you know Bob Tate?"

"I don't," I said, extending my hand. "Hello, Bob. What's new at Amherst?"

"Should there be something new at Amherst?" Bob drawled.

Valerie broke in coldly, "Bill, don't be adolescent."

"Can't you find another word, Valerie?" I said biting.

"Don't be uncouth then!" Valerie snapped.

"Let's dance," Bob said quickly.

Bob and Valerie moved to the dance floor, and Ted, timing it perfectly, returned with four glasses of fruit punch. I took two frosty glasses from him and handed one to Beth.

Ted grinned at me. "Words with Val, eh?"

"You might call it that."

Ted took Jane's arm. "Come on, let's not spoil a good evening."

"See you later," I called after Ted.

Beth touched my shoulder. "Let's dance, Bill," she said.

I managed to evade Valerie most of the evening. I had no wish to involve Beth in any of Val's unpleasant scenes. But once, when I went to get some more punch between dances, I returned to find Beth and Val in a heated conversation. Beth's face was white and strained.

When Val saw me coming, she retreated ungracefully.

"What did she say to you, Beth?" I demanded.

"Nothing, Bill. It was nothing—really."

The lights dimmed, and Beth and I moved to the dance floor. She was quiet as we danced, her hand warm in mine.

We danced for a few minutes, then Beth stopped suddenly in the middle of the crowded floor. "Bill, let's sit this one out."

"Is something wrong, Beth? Don't let Valerie upset you. She's harmless."

"I feel funny. Please, Bill."

"Do you want to go home? I know it's been—"

"Yes, Bill. Please take me home. I'm tired."

We pushed our way through the crowd and I got Beth's coat from the checkroom. When we left I saw Valerie dancing with Larry Brooks, and near the refreshment table Bob was moodily drinking some punch. As the wide doors closed behind us, I heard Valerie laugh shrilly.

On the way home Pop's words filled my mind: "Beth seems like a level-headed girl." And then Mom: "Take good care of her, Bill."

I thought: you bet I'll take *very* good care of her!

"I'm sorry, Bill." Beth had been gazing out the car window, but she turned now and looked at me. "I'm sorry about leaving the dance so early."

"It's all right. I wanted to leave, too."

She was silent for a minute. "I'm not much of a dancer, Bill."

"I think you're a swell dancer."

Beth's smile was wonderful. "I'm glad, Bill."

I parked the car in the driveway and walked Beth across the lawn and up the steps of her house. She stopped in front of the door.

"Bill, Valerie was angry because you took me to the dance. She was quite mad. But I'm glad she was mad, Bill, because—"

"Because why?"

"Not now, Bill. Someday I'll tell you why."

"Is that a promise?"

She smiled. "Yes, Bill," she repeated. "A promise."

Then I noticed that her cheeks were flushed and glowing.

"Beth..."

She turned the doorknob to go in, but I took her hand away and held it firmly in mine. I wanted very much to kiss her then. I wanted to show her how much I liked her, how much I had enjoyed being with her; but instead, I squeezed her hand and moved away.

That would come later, I thought. There was plenty of time and it would have more meaning later.

"Good night, Bill. Thank you for tonight."

She touched the corsage on her shoulder, opened the door, and went into the house.

I stood in the darkness a long time, an aching feeling in the pit of my stomach. The night air was cold and clean on my face, and the stars glowed dimly in the dark sky above. I knew that something very real and warm and wonderful had happened to me tonight, and I said, "Beth, Beth, Beth" over and over again, marveling at the sound of her name.

THE END

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**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS:** *Mr. Lincoln Lends a Hand* by Betty Cavanna is swell. I also enjoyed *Carnival Night* by Dorothy Witton and can hardly wait for the next chapter in *Hits and Horses*.

I wish to thank Judith Miller for the article *Hot Off the Fire*, which adds variation to frankfurters and hamburgers. Thanks again for a super-duper magazine.

BERYL J. Oos (age 12)

**BEARDSTOWN, ILLINOIS:** I think the *Painting-of-the-Month* plan is a wonderful addition to your already wonderful magazine. It gives us a wonderful opportunity to appreciate good art, even if we can't see the originals.

MARSHA SURLEY (age 16)

**BUFFALO, NEW YORK:** Our French club is beginning its gallery of French artists. Your wonderful *Painting-of-the-Month* offer is certainly going to help us on our way.

BEBEANN PIDGEON

**MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN:** I think THE AMERICAN GIRL is a wonderful magazine. I enjoy it tremendously. I read it from cover to cover.

I never used to read the fiction stories, but now I wouldn't miss them. I thought *Life Is Like That* in your January issue was wonderful. *Friends Forever* was good too. Will you please publish more stories by Betty Cavanna? I think she is a wonderful author.

Your fashion articles are very helpful. Your beauty hints are useful, also.

I have one complaint and that is *Your Painting-of-the-Month*. I think it's useless. Maybe that's because I don't particularly care for art.

MARILYN STEINER (age 12)

**MINDANAO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS:** I am fourteen years old. April twenty-second will be my birthday, and I will be fifteen years old. I am in second year high school. We are four children in our family. We are all girls. Our eldest sister was married already, and she has her daughter now. Our father was a soldier during the Second World War. He died in line of duty. I take after my father. He served his country, and he even died. I also want to serve my country and that is why I am a Girl Scout. I want to help the poor and helpless people in my country and even foreign countries if necessary.

I like to read about foreign people and countries. I especially like America. How I wish I can visit America someday.

I consider THE AMERICAN GIRL the nicest, cleanest, prettiest, and clearest I ever touched. I hope it will remain the same. Good luck, good health, and God bless you.

LEONIDA CLAVA (age 14)

**PENNINGTON, NEW JERSEY:** *Make It with Maps* was interesting, and I am looking forward to using some of the ideas in decorating my room. Your fashions were especially good this month.

SALLY SINGLETON (age 12)

**MADISON, WISCONSIN:** I would like to extend my congratulations to THE AMERICAN GIRL for starting this wonderful *Painting-of-the-Month* plan. I believe it gives every girl a chance to become familiar with the great paintings of the masters. I hope you will continue this plan for longer than twelve months.

JUDITH OAKLEY

**ROCKVILLE, CONNECTICUT:** I do hope that some time in the near future you have something on diets as I am a little overweight and I find it very hard to stay on one.

Your stories are so good that my mother always reads them before I can hardly get them out of the mailbox. She says that they are just right for a girl of my age. I used to be so sloppy in dressing and grooming but my mother says THE AMERICAN GIRL certainly made a change.

DELORIES HARRISON (age 12)

**ELMHURST, ILLINOIS:** Right now *Hits and Horses* is my favorite story. I must have read Parts One and Two about twenty times. I'm just bursting with curiosity to find what Part Three holds in store. I love horses, friends, and baseball. And I do have a horse of my own.

CAROL HERMANN (age 15)

**TITUSVILLE, NEW JERSEY:** Your January issue was wonderful! From the very beginning to the end. I liked your colorful cover and the article, *Olympics Ahead*. The serial *Hits and Horses* is very good and so are its illustrations. The only thing I didn't like was numbers four, five, and six of your "Early-Bird Dresses." The others were very cute.

The article *Share-Through Letters!* was very interesting due to the fact that I love to write letters.

Thanks for such a charming magazine!

ROSS CELLENS (age 12)

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS:** *Hits and Horses* by Amelia Elizabeth Walden is very interesting as I go riding every Saturday. I hope it will continue. *Mr. Lincoln Lends a Hand* was very good and one of the best stories I have ever read.

I also like to read about the Girl Scouts in *All Over the Map* because I myself am an Intermediate Scout with plans for Senior Scouting prominent in my mind.

The fashions are simply divine and *Teen Shop Talk* is especially for our taste. It is really wonderful to have a magazine especially for you.

BARBARA KRAEMER (age 13)

**HELENA, MONTANA:** Congrats on a wonderful magazine! I loved your February cover. *Mr. Lincoln Lends a Hand* and *Carnival Night* were grand and the new serial *Hits and Horses* is coming along fine.

Please, let's have some stories on dogs, cats, and animals in general. I am very interested in them as I plan on being a veterinarian.

I have a turquoise parakeet named Corky. He is only three months old and doesn't talk



yet, but he'll sit on your finger or shoulder and kiss you. I agree with Dorene Self—let's have an article on parakeets.

My hobbies are reading, collecting books and horse statues. I have around eighty-five or ninety books. Speaking of books, I recently read *Cargo for Jennifer* from which your serial was taken. It was excellent and I recommend it to all girls.

I enjoy *Jokes*, *By You*, and *A Penny for Your Thoughts* very much. JUDY KING (age 15)

**HADERA, ISRAEL:** I am a Scotch lassie living in Israel (my father is working here for two years) and through the kindness of an American chum, Tommie Green, I have been receiving your magazine since last August.

I especially like the fashions, tips on grooming, and stories such as *A Sheltering Tree*. Now that I have saved several issues of your magazine I am going to send them to friends at my home in Penicik, Scotland. THE AMERICAN GIRL has brought me a lot of pleasure. JANICE H. FORREST (age 13)

**MIDDLETOWN, IOWA:** I liked your December cover, but I didn't like your November cover at all. I like the fiction stories, but I think the magazine could do without *By You*. Put more fashion "Do's and Don'ts" in its place. I enjoyed every minute of *Friends Forever* and *Life Is Like That*.

*A Penny for Your Thoughts* is tops. I love to read the foreign girls' letters in *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. In my estimation this is the best magazine I have ever read.

CAROL HICKERSON (age 12)

**VOORBURG, THE NETHERLANDS:** This is the first time I dare to write to you, because I was always a bit afraid that my English would be too bad. But I do my very best to make no mistakes.

I'm reading THE AMERICAN GIRL during a year, and I always enjoyed it a lot. Even the girls at school like to read it. We Europeans are always curious how the American people live. Also it is very nice that we read THE AMERICAN GIRL so easily. Only sometimes I need my dictionary. I got THE AMERICAN GIRL from my pen pal in Vermont as a birthday present. I do not know if the Americans know something of The Netherlands. Ah, yes, you must know something of Holland, because you often must have seen some of the costumes of some parts of The Netherlands. And our Queen has been in the States.

I noticed that there are a lot of European girls who read THE AMERICAN GIRL and they all enjoy it. I hope you understand now I like it too. SYTSHE V. D. WOUDE (age 16)

**VAUGHN, MONTANA:** We live in a small town in Montana. We go to a little school in which the grades go up to the eighth. Our teacher got your magazine for the junior high girls in our room. We enjoy it immensely. We read and reread all the stories and articles. We hope you have more articles on beauty and skin care. We like the *Jokes* and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. We're very glad there is a magazine for teen-age girls.

CAROLYN DENNING (age 13)

EVELYN SMOVIR (age 13)

NANCY BUSHTON (age 13)

ROSE REMILLARD (age 14)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address

# TOPS with TEENS



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## Cooking with Judy (Continued from page 18)

Miss Sanderson and Judy worked quickly, giggling over the funny expressions Judy achieved with raisins for eyes and mouths on some of the cookies before they went into the oven. Some went in plain, to be iced later.

Suddenly Judy asked, "Don't we have to cook the icing?"

"No, we will make a glaze this way: Add 1 tablespoon hot water to three quarters of a cup of confectioners' sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla. Take some of those small dishes and put a portion of the mixture into each. Now we will tint each differently with vegetable coloring. Easy does it! Just a small drop at a time until we get the tint we want. Don't overdo it. There are other glazes that can be brushed on the cookies before or after they are baked: one egg white diluted with one teaspoon of water. One egg yolk mixed with one tablespoon of water. Or just plain milk or cream."

"But that first glaze will have to be put on after the cookies have cooled, won't it?"

"Right you are! Now, how about a quickie with peanut butter?"

"Mmmmmmm. If there's one thing I just love, it's peanut-butter cookies."

"This recipe makes four dozen. You can get about six dozen from the icebox version, depending on the thickness of the slices."

### PEANUT-BUTTER COOKIES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	1 egg
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking soda
firmly packed	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour

Cream shortening. Stir sugars together and add gradually to shortening. Beat peanut butter, egg, salt, soda, and baking powder into shortening. Stir flour gradually into batter.

Pinch off small pieces of dough. Form into balls between palms of hands. Place on greased cookie sheet. Press with back of fork so times make crisscross lines on dough. Bake at 375° for 15 minutes.

Or form into two long rolls about 2 inches in diameter. Wrap in wax paper, chill in refrigerator. Slice as needed and bake as above.

"Can we make a chocolate cookie next, Miss Sanderson? They are my brothers' favorite."

"Chocolate-nut cookies are good. This recipe makes fifty. The trick is to use an ungreased cookie sheet. The cookies contain enough shortening to grease the sheet."

### CHOCOLATE-NUT COOKIES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda	1 egg, well beaten
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	1 cup semisweet chocolate pieces (1 package)
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, firmly packed	1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, soda, and salt together. Cream shortening. Add sugars gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add egg and mix thoroughly. Add flour mixture in two parts, mixing well. Add chocolate, nuts, and vanilla.

Drop by teaspoonfuls on ungreased cookie sheet, about 2 inches apart. Bake at 375° for 10 to 12 minutes.

"Have you ever made brownies, Judy?"

"No, but there were brownie recipes in my November, 1954, AMERICAN GIRL I've been dying to try. After today, I'm sure I could make them."

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tions carefully, and you will have your family calling for more. Brownies aren't hard—and they certainly are good.

"Next, let's make a cooky your father and the boys are sure to like. My recipe makes about ten dozen two-inch cookies."

#### MOLASSES WAFERS

1 cup molasses	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup shortening	1 teaspoon baking soda
2 eggs, beaten	1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup sugar	1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
3 1/2 cups sifted flour	1/4 teaspoon ground ginger

Put molasses and shortening in a saucepan, over direct, medium heat, and stir constantly until shortening is melted. Pour mixture over eggs and blend. Add dry ingredients and mix well. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Roll on floured board or between two pieces of wax paper and cut with cooky cutter. Or make into balls and flatten with fork. Bake on greased cooky sheet at 350° for 10 minutes. "These crisp wafers are particularly good if put together, sandwich style, with a filling of whipped cream flavored with molasses."

"My Scout troop is going to have a spring tea for our mothers," said Judy. "Have you a recipe for a fancy cooky I could make for it?" "The corn-flake Macaroons we made last month would be good. Here's another recipe I'm sure will make a hit at the party."

#### SPONGE DROP COOKIES

1/2 cup sifted cake flour	1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar	1/4 cup sugar
3 eggs, separated	1/4 teaspoon lemon extract or
1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar	1 teaspoon lemon juice

Sift flour and 1/2 cup sugar together. Beat egg whites until frothy. Sprinkle with cream of tartar and salt. Add remaining 1/2 cup of sugar gradually and beat just until whites stand in peaks.

Add lemon extract or juice to egg yolks and beat until thick and lemon-colored. Fold carefully into beaten whites. Fold in flour mixture, a little at a time. *Do not beat.*

Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cooky sheet. Dot with small pieces of chocolate. Bake at 350° for 15 to 20 minutes. Makes about 3 dozen.

"Here is a tip on storing cookies, Judy. It is best to store crisp cookies like these in a loosely covered container. But soft cookies must be stored in a tightly covered container."

"Have we had any letters yet from our readers, Miss Sanderson?"

"Yes. Recipes and questions are coming in. This month, readers who have special cooky recipes they want to share can send them in before the next issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL is published. We will pay five dollars for any recipe we print in a later issue which will feature favorite recipes of our readers."

"Oh, dear, the time goes so fast, and it's such fun. What about next month?"

"We're going to do some pin-money recipes in May. With summer just around the corner, I thought you would like to learn about jams and jellies—maybe some pickles, too—that you can sell as a personal pin-money project or to help swell your class or troop treasury. We will talk about using inexpensive containers, too, so pretty that they will make folks want to buy. Like that idea?"

"Love it. What kind of jam? And will the containers be—"

"No, you don't! That's my secret until next month. Be seeing you then."

"I'll be here. Thanks for the cookies."

THE END

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## Humpty Dumpty in Easter Dress



Chick Chick Egg Coloring

"I'm big as a bunny rabbit!" boasts little Mr. Egg

**I**F YOU THINK THAT Humpty Dumpty is going to sit on a wall at Eastertime you're very much mistaken. His Easter plans include dressing up as Peter Rabbit and numerous other rollicking characters and lolling cosily in a basket of green make-believe straw while the family gets ready to celebrate.

Decorating Easter eggs is an old, old custom—and one that's still lots of fun. You can turn Humpty Dumpty into a different character for each member of the family.

For a basketful of Easter-egg personalities, hard cook a dozen fresh eggs, cool under cold running water, and dry them. To decorate, use one of the following two methods:

**METHOD I:** Draw facial characteristics on egg with colored wax crayons. Place egg in wire holder and dip in dissolved solution of Easter-egg coloring. Remove and let dry. Take conical paper cup and cut bottom off cone. Place large open end on table and rest egg vertically on other end. You may use cut-off piece as hat for egg, attaching it with a drop of glue or paste.

**METHOD II:** Color the hard-cooked egg by dipping it in coloring solution as above. When it is dry, give it a face with water colors, oils, or crayons. Add whiskers and a hat, or bunny ears and a collar, by pasting on bits of cotton and colored paper.

Egg coloring on the market is harmless vegetable dye—so the eggs may be eaten.

### Eggs—and Flowers

Instead of egg personalities, you may prefer Easter eggs with bright trimmings of flowers, ribbon bows, and sequins. Small paper flowers, ribbons, and bright multicolored sequins may be used to decorate the eggs, after they have been colored. The trimmings are attached with cellophane tape.

### Disappearing Place Cards

Eggs in gay colorings may be used for a variety of Easter decorative schemes. In

variegated hues, with names painted on, and amusing trimmings, they make good place cards. Mount each egg on an inverted chopped-off conical drinking cup. And—these place cards will vanish—down the throats of the guests!

### Easter-Egg Tulips

Easter-egg tulips make a pretty decoration for the Easter ham or Easter roast. For these, hard cook a dozen fresh eggs, first cool, and then gently peel off the shells. Rinse eggs in cool water, then dip each egg in edible coloring solution, letting it remain until the white of the egg is the desired shade. Allow the egg to dry. Now, with a small sharp knife, cut a tulip pattern in the wide end of the egg, being very careful not to penetrate the yolk. Remove cutaway portion of white. Place the varicolored tulip eggs around the roast as a gay Easter decoration. They may be served and eaten with it.

### Easter-Egg Fortunes

Perhaps you plan to use a number of eggs in your cake and cooking recipes at Easter. If they are handled carefully, the shells may be utilized for "fortunes."

For this, the *uncooked* eggs are washed and dried. Now, place a piece of cellophane tape on each end of the egg. Pick a small hole through tape and eggshell with a needle about 1/4 inch in diameter. The tape will prevent the shell from cracking. Place lips at one end of the egg and blow the contents into a clean cup or dish. Wash the eggshell thoroughly once more, inside and out, with cold water, and let it dry. Write fortunes on small pieces of paper. Roll each fortune and insert it in one end of an egg, and seal the ends with a small piece of masking tape. Dip each egg carefully in egg-coloring solution, and let dry. The eggs may be placed in a basket, lined with pretty green shredded cellophane, and picked at random by your guests.

THE END

## Focus on the Finish

(Continued from page 20)

stopper to apply your perfume subtly where it belongs: on temples, wrists, and ear lobes. The "behind the ears" applications are passé—unless your partner is planning to stand behind you all evening!

### Up on the Finish

Physical deportment plays a leading role in finish. G. B. Shaw knew this well. In his famous "Pygmalion" a poor flower girl is able to pass herself off as a duchess, partly because of her regal posture. Curiously, in spite of all that has been said about posture, there are slouches and bent heads at every turn. Don't be a droopy! At all times sit tall, stand tall, walk tall. You'll feel better, you'll look better. For keeps then, straighten your back, tuck in your buttocks, and pull that rib cage out of your middle—it has no business being there!

There are various ways of walking—all of them wrong, except one! There are the waddlers, the pigeon-toers, the toe-outers, the heel-draggers. There are those who scan the heavens, and others who examine their toes. Cultivating a graceful walk is time consuming, but what a wonderful sight to see!

Watch for these points: Let the movement come forward from the hips in one fluid line. Legs should be close enough to nearly brush each other, feet straight forward. Shoulders should be relaxed but straight, and the eyes should be neither up nor down—but level. And the arm movement should be kept to a graceful minimum.

### Finish versus Fidgets

There are dozens of ways of displaying un-sureness and uneasiness to the world. Nail biting, lip pursing, head scratching, and frowning are samples. Take Barbara who twiddles endlessly with her bracelet or necklace while she talks; or Mabel who gesticulates so vigorously and so often, you would think she was acting pantomime. Susan begins every sentence with "er" or "um" and ends in a little titter. As for Lily, nobody has ever seen her mouth still; she doesn't talk, she chews. These habits can be overcome with effort and patience. Substitute in their place friendly eyes and a tranquil air; let the corners of your mouth tilt slightly upward. There now—you've got "finish."

### The Big and Little of—Finish

Finish is a miraculous little word. It means all of the big and all of the myriads of little things that create a beautiful, final impression. It is partly: watching one's diet—perhaps eating a piece of fresh fruit instead of a sundae. It is keeping your tresses gleaming—look back at your January AMERICAN GIRL. It is sleeping a faithful eight hours nightly. It is picking up the clothes you've slung off, and hanging them up. It is planning your wardrobe so you don't have four print shirts or blouses to wear with one checked skirt. It is trying to speak in clear, pleasing tones. It is knowing better than to wear orange lipstick with a purple blouse, earrings to school, a sophisticated coif with flat heels. Then, too, it is being plain friendly. Once you've felt the warm responsiveness of the world about you—you'll like the habit; it will become you like a rare, beautiful color.

Acquiring a finish takes time and effort and a certain stick-to-itiveness. It takes work. But when you emerge—as one day you will—with all the grace and freshness of a green willow wand, you'll rejoice!

THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL



"Who'd believe pimples almost ruined my career"

says BARBARA BRESLIN,  
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## Champion on Wheels

(Continued from page 16)

already enrolled in ballet and tap-dancing classes, and her work in these contributed to the new sport.

Many roller-skating competitive dances wear familiar names: fox trot, tango, polka, waltz—and they are performed to familiar music.

Yet there is a big difference. The dancer without wheels may improvise; the roller dancer is judged on how well she and her partner follow the exact pattern prescribed. She must practice until she is certain of each movement, step, and position.

Competitive roller skating is divided into a number of classes. The first three—juvenile, sub-novice, and novice—are open to young skaters. From these, depending on experience and success, rather than on age, one advances to the intermediate class; then to the junior; finally to the senior. Because of the difficulty of dance roller skating, most of those in the junior and senior classes are men and women who have spent years mastering the sport.

When she was eleven, Nancy and her partner from the Washington skating club entered and won the Washington novice competition. This victory qualified them to compete in the national championships, held that year in New York. But her first try in national competition was far from a success. She and her partner placed next to last.

"We'd been sure we would do well!" she says. "Yes, we were pretty discouraged."

For a year after that, Nancy stayed out of contests and worked to improve her form and technique. She practiced a series of individual proficiency tests established by the national skating association. There are three classes of these tests—bronze, silver, and gold. Skaters who have passed their bronze test may enter novice and intermediate events. Silver proficiency skaters are eligible for junior competition, gold for competitions in the senior class.

Just one week after her twelfth birthday, Nancy Mitchell passed all her silver proficiency tests before the association's judges. At the time she was the youngest American skater ever to get the silver award.

In the fall of 1952, she teamed up with Freddy Wheeler, also of Silver Spring, in what was later to be a championship dance team. Fred was already an excellent freestyle skater, but he had decided to compete in the dance division. In the 1953 tournament in Akron, Ohio, Fred and Nancy won second place in the intermediate. But neither of them was satisfied—with second place or with the intermediate class. To move up to the junior group, they began working on the six dances required in intermediate competition.

"Nancy just about lived at the rink that season," her mother recalls.

Coach Charles Lowe gave them private lessons, and every day they spent several hours practicing steps and routines.

In April, 1954, Nancy and Fred won the eastern junior championship held in Elizabeth, New Jersey. That gave them hope for the national competition scheduled for Washington the first week of July, but they didn't let up on their strenuous practice routine.

Fifteen couples—the best in the country—were entered in the National Junior Dance competition for 1954. As the other teams began to arrive in Washington, Nancy had an attack of jitters.



"They were all older than we were," she explains, "and their dancing at the rink looked better! I wasn't sure we could beat them."

However, after the first round of judging, nine couples were eliminated; the second round cut the teams to four—Nancy and Fred, and three others. The finals were close. No one was sure until the judges announced their decision: Nancy and her partner were the new champions.

Naturally, capturing the national championship has been Nancy's biggest thrill. But she has plans for bigger roller honors. She and Fred have passed their gold proficiency tests and now are working on the senior dances, and will compete in 1955 for the senior championship. Nancy is a little doubtful of her chances at this stage for winning the top dance skating award. Her coach, Charles Lowe, is more optimistic.

"Regardless of age, Nancy Mitchell is one of the finest dance skaters in the country," he says. "She has the two things that make a champion in any sport—natural ability and the will to keep practicing and improving."

Nancy is working hard for the senior competition because it may be her last try for a "big-time" skating title. "I've had a wonderful time skating, but I have other things to do now," she says.

To say she has other interests is a real understatement. She's an enthusiastic horsewoman, plays good ping-pong, basketball, volleyball.

Recently she's become interested in ice skating, but she's sure she will never be as good on an ice rink as on a wooden one.

School activities take a lot of time, too. At Montgomery Blair High School in Silver Spring, where Nancy is a sophomore, she's on the Pep Committee, Welcoming Committee, Inter-School Relations Committee; is vice-president of her home room, a member of the Library Club. Most important, she's been on the scholastic honor roll, both in junior and senior high.

At home, Nancy loves to sew, and makes many of her own clothes, including her skating costumes. She's seriously interested in design and commercial art, and hopes for a career in this field. Other interests? She laughs. "Well, I suppose you *might* call dating another interest!"

"If there were some way to add two hours to every day, Nancy would find two more things to do!" her mother adds.

Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell have not only assisted their daughter's skating career, but have also helped organize and administer skating groups for other teen-agers in the Washington area.

"Roller skating can be improved as a sport if parents and other adults will make a point of assisting and supervising the skating clubs and rinks in their locality," Mrs. Mitchell says. "And I don't know of any better sport, for boys and for girls. It gives a chance for both social and athletic activity."

Nancy agrees with that. "What I've liked best is the wonderful people I've met all over the country. It's a good way to make friends and learn to get along with different people."

She feels that any girl can find in this activity the athletic and social life she wants. Not every girl will become, like herself, America's junior champion. But the competition, she points out, takes every bit of concentration and co-ordination you can muster. And those aren't bad qualities to cultivate. They can serve you all the rest of life.

THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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## YOUR PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH



**MADAME CHARPENTIER AND HER CHILDREN** by Renoir

● At the time this canvas was made it was rare indeed for persons of wealth to order their portraits. As a result painters often had a hard struggle to maintain themselves. Madame Charpentier, French patroness of the arts, helped establish a new tradition when she ordered this portrait by Renoir. The setting, with Oriental screen in the background and rich tapestry of the couch, suggests the elegance of her home. The technique is noteworthy: the wonderful realism of the flesh tints is attained by a myriad of tiny brush marks of varied tones. The children's hair, too, is in multi-colored brush strokes that achieve an illusion of blondness and feathery lightness. You'll want the full-color print!

● Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919) characterized himself when he said, "I've had fun putting colors on canvas." The great French Impressionist saw only enchantment in the world about him. There is no gloom in his canvases—rather an abiding faith that beauty has a power of its own to conquer misery. His art is an expression of the joy he derived from the humblest things—a bustling city street, the countryside, flowers, music, children at play. His brush told the story of a man of high and benign ideals.

### HOW TO ORDER YOUR PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH

To get your own 11" x 14" full-color reproduction of this painting, send 23¢ in coin to Paintings, *AMERICAN GIRL Magazine*, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to identify each painting you order by its title and name of the artist. Write your name and address clearly. IF YOU ARE A GIRL SCOUT, you may order through your troop. Ask your leader about the special advantages of a troop order.

Watch for the **PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH** in May

## Flutes and Drums

(Continued from page 15)

And he was gone, running with all the speed he could muster down the slippery path beside the creek.

"I'll do it, miss . . ." From the collecting crowd, a man called to Nan.

Suddenly she knew what Ken's plan was, as clearly as though he had told her. He was out of sight but her straining eyes could still see the bright-red bobbing snowsuit. The crowd on the bridge was growing, collecting as crowds do, from the park, from the houses and stores along the street. Several men had plunged into the water, but too late to catch hold of Toby as the current swept him past.

Nan heard the sirens of the fire truck and prayed quietly to herself—an old habit. "God," she prayed. "Oh, God, let it be in time." She spoke to the man nearest her, "Please take me downstream." He led her to his car.

With commanding horn, the car pushed its way through the crowd. At the second bridge, she saw Ken in the water below the bridge. She got out of the car and worked her way to the rail. He had Toby in one arm and was battling the strong current as best he could. Toby lay still in his arm, and Ken, although a powerful swimmer, was having a bad time.

After what seemed like ages, the crowd parted to let the police through. In no time a strong rope was curling out over the water. Twice Ken failed to grasp it. Then with terrific effort he seized it as it flew past him, and, holding the rope and Toby, allowed himself to be towed to shore.

Hands reached to pull him up the bank. Hands lifted Toby, inert and still, and carried him to the pulmotor truck. Nan went to the car, but the officer would not let her near Toby. For a moment Ken was beside her, his clothes streaming water and mud. Then he was gone.

Then Nan miraculously heard her father's voice in the crowd and felt his arms around her. She put her head against the buttons of his coat and cried quietly. Her father held her close.

"Where's Ken?"

"Ken's gone home, dear. He's all right, but he had to get out of those wet clothes. He did a smart thing, Nan. He knew he couldn't catch Toby if he jumped in at the park bridge, so he stopped a car and had the driver take him to the lower bridge. He timed his jump just right to catch Toby as he floated under the bridge."

Suddenly through the murmuring noise made by the waiting people, there came the most beautiful sound Nan had ever heard. It was a choking, watery cry.

Nan's father went over to the police truck to talk with the officer in charge. Coming back to Nan he told her, "Toby can go home. We'll call his own doctor to give him a going over. You and I will go ahead and be there to meet him. We'll call Mother and she'll stay with you until the Warrens get home."

Nan had not thought of the Warrens at all. How could she have forgotten? They would be frantic if they heard of this over the radio in their car. They must be on their way home by this time. She was engulfed by a wave of fright. *How* could she tell them? *What* could she tell them? That she had been so full of her own feeling for Ken, she had neglected Toby? One thing would be clear to them—that she had risked their child's life. Suppose Toby hadn't been revived. Suppose she had to face a father and mother knowing she had let their child be killed.

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#### Want a good group project this spring?

- ☐ An off-beat treat    ☐ Bird watching    ☐ A Maypole party

Posies 'n' candy are dandy—but ask the crowd: how about planning something extra, this Mother's Day? A really off-beat treat for their moms? Then pool your wits and wallets; throw a theatre party with the mothers as honored guests. They'll love it

—this fun way of thanking them for being "the most," pal-wise! And wasn't it your mom, too, who taught you how to smile through certain days? Yes. She helped you choose Kotex\* for softness, safety you can trust... the complete absorbency you need.



#### At first glance, would you say she's a—

- ☐ Gold digger    ☐ Mixed up kid  
☐ Shrinking violet

She may be a razor at repartee, but in clothes savvy she's got her lines mixed. Example: that short flared coat calls for a stem-slim skirt, not the full-skirted style. Bone up on what fashion lines combine best. Just as you've learned that (at calendar time) Kotex and those flat pressed ends are your best insurance against revealing lines. And with Kotex, no "wrong side" mix-up! You can wear this napkin on either side, safely.



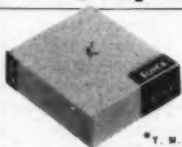
#### Can you shorten a lofty neck with—

- ☐ Drop earrings    ☐ A poodle haircut  
☐ V necklines

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"Daddy, how can I tell the Warrens what happened?"

"What did happen, Nan?"

I could say Toby broke away from my hand. For a brief moment the terrible temptation to find a reason other than the true one seemed to speak to Nan like a living voice.

"I wasn't watching Toby closely enough. He was ahead of Ken and me, and he ran after a dog into the bushes on the bank. If I had been holding his hand, it wouldn't have happened."

"Then that's what you must tell the Warrens, darling. Mother and I will help you all we possibly can."

Toby was sleeping when the lights of the Warren car appeared at the end of the driveway. Nan looked at her mother, sitting on the opposite side of the crib. She glanced down at Toby, deep in the sleep that would heal and restore. But she knew, too, in that moment that there would always be, for all of them, a small scar from the experiences of this day.

She went downstairs and opened the kitchen door. Her heart seemed to have moved up into her throat. But there was also a feeling of relief that the moment had come.

She could tell from their faces that Toby's parents knew. Of course, it would have been broadcast on the six o'clock local news. Mrs. Warren had been crying. Mr. Warren's face was set and still. They went quickly by her and up the stairs. Nan sat at the kitchen table, her head in her hands, a cold tight feeling spreading through her chest. How could it? she thought wretchedly. How could I let this happen?

She didn't know Mrs. Warren had come back downstairs until she heard her name spoken quietly. "Nan, how did it happen?"

Nan looked up. "I want—to tell you—" Her voice trembled and she stopped, then went on. "It wouldn't have happened if I had been holding Toby's hand." She felt the need for tears like a sharp crust scratching her throat. "I'm sorry. But that doesn't make it right, I know. Ken saved Toby's life. It was Ken who knew what to do... I want to tell you how it was..."

"God bless Ken," said Mrs. Warren. "It was merciful Providence that sent Ken."

Nan looked straight into Mrs. Warren's troubled eyes. "Without Ken, I *would* have been holding Toby's hand," she said steadily. "I was thinking too much about Ken." There, it was said, all of it.

"I won't pretend it was a small thing," said Mrs. Warren, "because it wasn't. It was a very serious thing, and Toby might have been drowned. But it could have happened with me, too, Nan. Small children are so quick. The trust we have had in you isn't gone. You did a brave thing to tell me the whole story. We know you will never again forget for even a moment how watchful one must be with a baby."

Something in the kind, serious voice broke through Nan's control. Tears came, pouring their salty relief down her cheeks, dripping on her sweater. She let them come. Tears had their uses. She caught Mrs. Warren's gentle gaze. There was mercy and deep understanding in it.

And suddenly, through the noise of voices on the floor above, through a madly ringing telephone, loud knocking on the door, there was another sound, stronger and more insistent than any of these. The room was filled for Nan with the clear and lovely music of flutes and drums.

THE END

APRIL, 1935

# SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



**QUEST FOR THE LOST CITY**—This real-life story of a young couple's search for a lost Mayan city is more thrilling than most fiction. Photographed by the explorers in gorgeous color, the scenery and the wildlife of the border jungles of Mexico and Guatemala are unbelievably beautiful and exciting. The courage and resourcefulness of Dana and Ginger Lamb, matching their wits and skills against primitive nature, is an inspiration. Don't miss this picture. (RKO)



**THE GLASS SLIPPER**—The age-old magic of the story of Cinderella is brought to life with color and imaginative skill in this gay picture. There is delightful entertainment in Ella's adventures in her dream world and her romance with the mysterious cook. You will especially enjoy the Ballet de Paris. Leslie Caron is a charming Cinderella. Michael Wilding, Keenan Wynn, Estelle Winwood, Elsa Lanchester, and Barry Jones are all excellent. Mark this a "must see." (M-G-M)



**THE LONG GRAY LINE**—A fine, heart-warming picture, in Technicolor, that you should not miss. It is the story of an Irish immigrant boy who begins his life in America at West Point, and is a beloved fixture there fifty years later. More than the revealing story of one man's life, it is a stirring history of the Point itself. A fine cast of stars, headed by Tyrone Power as Marty Maher and Maureen O'Hara as his wife, includes Robert Francis, Donald Crisp, Betsy Palmer. (Columbia)



**CHIEF CRAZY HORSE**—The dramatic and beautiful Black Hills of South Dakota are the background for this Technicolor CinemaScope story of the decline of the once-mighty Sioux nation. The struggle of Crazy Horse (Victor Mature) to unite his people, his love for Black Hawk (Susan Ball) and his friendship with Major Twist (John Lund) have been woven into an excellent Western. Many of the Indians in the picture are the descendants of famous Sioux leaders. (Univ.-Int'l)

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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## Hits and Horses

(Continued from page 27)

New Sharon played Westbrook away from home. On the ride over they sang songs and chatted about the Starlight Dance, sponsored by the General Organization of the New Sharon school. When they were halfway to Westbrook, three or four carloads of boys on their way for a baseball game with Westbrook passed the bus. Bill, who was acting as official scorer for the New Sharon baseball team, pulled off his big hat and waved it to Sandy as their car passed by. She would miss his presence on the bleachers today. She was used to listening for his easily identified drawl booming above the nasal tones of the cheering section.

As the New Sharon team climbed out of the bus, Sandy noticed that the Westbrook girls were huddled together, completely engrossed in the new classbooks that had just been distributed. Sandy nudged Dodo and they winked at each other. A softball team that was neck-deep in the class prophecy, the class will, the class roll call, and who had been voted the best-looking and the most popular, literally had two strikes on them before they came up to bat.

From force of habit, Sandy looked to see who would umpire today's game. He was a stocky man in his late thirties. There was something about the way he yanked on his umpire's cap that proclaimed there would be a minimum amount of nonsense permitted.

Sandy and Dodo warmed up. The umpire called, "Batter up!" and the game began.

New Sharon, with a line-up slightly different from the Brighthaven game, was up at bat at the top of the first. Sandy hiked up her jeans as she waited her turn. Pat was out on a fly and Sandy stepped up to bat.

Sandy swung at the first pitch and missed it. The second was a ball. The third came at her like a cyclone and she thought, this pitcher is good, as she swung at the ball and met it head on. It flew into the infield. The shortstop fumbled it and Sandy got to first. Dodo came up next and was put out as she hit and ran for first base, but Sandy managed to make it safe to second.

Midge Dubois was up next. A tall newcomer to the team, she had a reputation for being a good batter. Today she was a little uncertain on this first appearance with the varsity, but on her third try she made a hit and went to first as Sandy went to third.

Wendy Mason, New Sharon's glamorous senior captain, was next. Wendy dabbled in softball the way she dabbled in boys, dramatics, dancing. Sandy pressed her lips together and shook her head. They might just as well call her out now, but after two strikes and three balls, the Westbrook pitcher sent a fast one that Wendy struck head on, smack in the right spot. Sandy was so dazed she almost forgot to run. Then she recovered and let her legs fly. So did Midge and Wendy. From the yells, Sandy could tell that the ball must have gone far into the outfield. Sandy reached home and wheeled around to watch Wendy. She was almost flying around the field and she slid home on her stomach just before the catcher tagged her.

The New Sharon girls were jumping up and down in their elation. "Three runs!" they congratulated each other. "And one a homer."

Helen Ackerson was up next and was put out by a foul tip which was easily handled by Westbrook's catcher.



Still dazed from the shock of Wendy's performance, Sandy walked to the pitcher's rubber for the bottom of the first. She was in perfect form this afternoon. She put out the first two Westbrook girls as fast as they came up to bat. The third girl had two strikes called, then fouled twice, and finally a safe hit sent her to first. The fourth girl went out on a fly. New Sharon cheered.

Westbrook mumbled its displeasure. "That pitcher's just lucky. She can't pitch," a Westbrook rooter called out.

The next five innings were a pushover. Westbrook scored one run but New Sharon scored four more, making a total of seven. Two of them were made when Sandy sent a ball into the outfield bringing a girl home from third, as Sandy duplicated Wendy Mason's home run of the first inning.

Then two things happened that turned the tide of the game. Westbrook changed pitchers and New Sharon... Well, it wasn't Sandy's fault really. It was just one of those bad breaks that come up so suddenly you wonder afterward how it happened.

The new Westbrook pitcher pitched the way she looked—a sleek, streamlined ball that skidded through the air like greased lightning. Sandy sized her up. She was a short-term pitcher, put into a game near the end to boost morale. She would burn herself out fast, but while she was there, she actually had plenty on the ball. And while she was in there pitching, no one could hit a ball.

New Sharon went into the field at the bottom of the seventh with the score still seven to one. They hadn't made any runs against the fast work of this streamlined brunette, but they were still far ahead. With Sandy in such good pitching form, they had nothing much to worry about.

Then it happened. The first girl up at bat for Westbrook was the new pitcher. "Za-za," the girls called her. Sandy wound up, getting a signal from Dodo for a low pitch. She used the windmill windup Bill had taught her. When she released it, it was a fast, hard pitch, low but not too low, and Za-za let it pass.

"Ball. Low," the umpire called.

Sandy swung around. "What do you mean, ball?" she asked in surprise. The umpire widened his stance but did not answer.

Dodo walked over to talk to Sandy. Deadpanned and quiet-voiced, Dodo said, "I'd have sworn it was a strike myself, but don't let it get you. Try it not quite so low the next time and make it an outcurve."

Sandy wound up and delivered—a perfect pitch with just enough curve. "Ball," the umpire called again. "Too far out."

Sandy wanted to swing around again and shout, "What do you mean, ball?" but she pressed her lips together. She turned back toward the sleek Za-za, getting ready for another pitch, but her hands were shaking. What kind of an umpire was he anyway, to show such favoritism? Sandy tried to keep her anger under control so it would not affect her pitching. She succeeded fairly well and put the next ball right over the plate, halfway between Za-za's shoulder and knee. A man would have to be blind to call it anything but a strike.

"Strike!" the umpire conceded.

Sandy took her time. She would tease this Za-za a little. Let her wait. When she was ready, Sandy let the ball go, another hard, fast one right over the plate. Za-za swung and missed and again the umpire conceded a strike.

Sandy would make the next a clean-cut

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to be home,  
Sue?"**

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strike and the girl would be out. She wound up and delivered, making it a slow one for change of pace. Za-za swung and clipped it hard, knocking it into the outfield near first. Shirley Somers caught it on the bounce. She threw it to first and Wendy Mason caught it long before Za-za got there.

"She's out," Sandy yelled prematurely. "Foul ball," the umpire called.

Sandy had swung around in time to see the ball roll past first base, within bounds. It was a fair ball if she ever saw one, but she turned to two of her teammates for corroboration. They all agreed it was fair and together they spoke to the umpire about it.

"Look," he said, "I said it was foul and in case you're not aware of the fact, what I say goes."

"It sure does," Dodo muttered *sotto voce*. "We not only have to lick the Westbrook team, we have to lick the umpire too."

"What did you say, young lady?" the umpire demanded. The usually poker-faced Dodo looked distressed. The remark had not been intended for the umpire's ears. Dodo, of all people, would be the last one to be impertinent to a grownup.

"I heard what you said," the umpire belatedly, "and I didn't like it. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a fresh kid."

Sandy tried to control herself but she couldn't. This umpire's whole attitude angered her. He was impartial and unfair. Now he was bullying Dodo who had never intended to make trouble. Sandy stepped up to him. "If there's one thing we New Sharon girls don't like," she said, trying to keep her voice down and her manner calm, "it's an umpire who won't call them fair."

She was sorry the minute the words left her lips. They had slipped out in anger, in her instinctive wish to protect Dodo, but she knew they would only cause more trouble.

The irate man walked over to the two coaches and there was a long discussion. Finally, Miss MacDonald motioned Sandy off the field and sent Pat Manero in to pitch.

Sandy slumped down on the bench. She did not heckle the umpire. She did not even complain to the girls around her. She felt utterly, completely frustrated, but she kept it to herself and watched the game in silence.

It was a terrible game to watch. Everything went wrong from then on. Pat pitched as if she had never held a baseball before. The fracas with the umpire had upset her, as it had the whole team. Pat walked four players. She threw pitches that even a ten-year-old, blindfolded, could have hit.

The game ended at last with a score of seven to six in favor of New Sharon. If it had not been for the partial distraction over the new classbooks, Westbrook might have won.

Pat cried going home, blaming herself for the way the game had fizzed out. The rest of the girls tried to console her. They told her it wasn't her fault. Some of them went even further than that.

"If it hadn't been for that fresh remark of Sandy's," Wendy Mason said airily, "you wouldn't have had to pitch. I wish Sandy would stop being so quick on the trigger. It only makes trouble for everyone."

Dodo stuck by Sandy. She sat next to her on the quiet ride home. "He was a hard-boiled guy, that umpire," Dodo said.

Sandy didn't answer. She was wondering what Bill would say when the story of today's game was relayed to him by the first busybody who could get his ear.

Bill called for her at the usual time, his whistling, cheerful self. He was chatty and companionable on the way out to the Barton estate.

Once there, she had her first inkling that all was not well between them. Bill got down his own gear and led out Lucky Lady.

"Can't I ride the Lady tonight?" she asked. "Fred's waiting for you," he said. "He wants you to pose while the light's still good."

"But you promised," she said. "Promises don't mean much nowadays," he said. "I find here in the East people don't take them very seriously."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "I never broke any promises to you."

"That's right. You never made any or broke any. Not to me."

"Then who? When did I ever break a promise to anyone?"

"How about your promise to support your softball team?" he asked. "Sandy, what happened this afternoon? A lot of people have gone to the trouble to give me some colorful accounts. I don't aim to jump to any conclusions. Tell me yourself what happened."

"I was pitching a swell game until the last inning. We were six runs ahead. Then Westbrook put in a relief pitcher. She held us down so we couldn't make any runs. When she came up to bat at the bottom of the seventh, the umpire played favorites."

"Are you sure you're not just imagining it?" "I'm sure he called them wrong, if that's what you mean. Strikes he called balls; a fair ball, foul. Dodo made one of her funny remarks under her breath. It was meant for us girls but he heard it, and, boy, did he get peeved! He told Dodo he couldn't stand a fresh kid and I told him we couldn't stand an umpire who wouldn't call them fair. The next thing I knew I was sitting on the bench."

"In plain words, you started another ruckus, Sandy."

"I didn't start it, Bill. I just finished it." He looked at her, shaking his head. "Sandy," he said, "you remind me of Pee-wee Evans. When are you going to grow up?"

"If you mean when am I going to be six feet tall like you, well, it just doesn't run in our family."

"You know what I mean, Sandy. I don't mean size. I mean maturity. When are you going to act your age?"

"I think I've been doing a pretty good job of that lately." Tonight, rather than feeling disturbed, she seemed to enjoy arguing with Bill. "I've got some new dresses," she said gaily. "I use lipstick. Lots of people think I have a boy friend. But sometimes I'm not so sure about that myself."

"See here, if you think this is funny, I don't. Being your age isn't just dressing up and putting on a lot of stuff from the outside."

"If you're so well informed, why don't you tell me what growing up is?"

"Why bother to explain things to anyone who thinks I'm a joke?"

"I'm not making fun of you. I honestly want to know. If growing up isn't something you can see with your eyes, what is it?"

"It's an inside thing," he lapsed into his exaggerated drawl, the way he usually did when he was thinking something through.

"Out home when spring comes, the grass comes to life. You see it waving red and gold and green wherever you look. The cottonwood blows its white tufts over the ponds and you smell the poplars and the sagebrush and the pines. The mountains change color, from the shaggy drab coats of winter to the shining blue and green and gold of spring and summer. You see the red buds of the ash and the purple cactus. You hear mountain streams rushing to go somewhere. And the coyote, never quiet, wails louder than ever. The land is shaking off the winter and waking up."

Sandy moved closer to Bill, held by his earnestness.

"But these are the outward things, Sandy," he went on. "The things you see. Back of them, underneath them, down so far you can't get to it, is the thing going on that makes all these things happen. It's inside the earth, under the sod, way below the grasses that wave across the land around our ranch. Even back of that, back of the roots that push up the growing things is a force no one could see no matter how far they dug. A force so big and important no clod of earth could hold it."

Sandy saw in his face something she had never seen there before. Suddenly, for just that flash of a moment, she saw the whole wide ranchlands of Wyoming, the vastness and the compelling solitude of the place, the beauty, the freedom to move and be yourself, all the things Bill missed and longed for. The West was in Bill's face, shining in his eyes, reaching out to her so she was able at last to walk across the barrier that had seemed always to separate them. Tonight she was able, in a sense, to take his hand and walk "out home" with him.

"That force is the thing that makes you grow up, Sandy," he continued. "People call it different things. Some call it intelligence. Some call it experience, or life. Some call it God. Whatever you call it, it's the thing that mellows people the way it mellows the earth. You ripen under it. You drop off the kid stuff. You don't have to shout so loud to be heard. You don't have to show off so much. You don't have to tell people off anymore. You feel all quiet inside. You learn to think. It doesn't matter so much what other people do or say, because you're sure of yourself *inside*. You know who you are and what you are and where you're going, like the mountain stream, rushing to go somewhere it's certain to reach."

For a long time she remained quiet, staring down at the floor of the stables. Finally Bill said, "I don't know what got into me, Sandy. I sounded like your father or a preacher. I never talked this way to a girl before."

Sandy felt ashamed of her earlier flippancy. Half of her was a little angry that Bill could make her feel this way; the other half admired him for being able to do it.

"If you don't mind," she said with unaccustomed seriousness, "I think I'll see Fred now."

She was unusually silent while she posed. Fred, always understanding, did not attempt to draw her into conversation.

Finally she said, "Fred?"

"Yes?"

"Do you think I'll ever really grow up?"

(To be continued)

## The AMERICAN GIRL Index for 1954

The American Girl Index for the past year has been printed separately, and copies are now available. The index is classified under the program fields of Girl Scouting.

If you would like to have a copy, please address your request to The American Girl, Index Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York, and enclose a large (9½" x 4¼" or larger) stamped and self-addressed envelope.

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Mr. Jean Hersholt carried this friendship letter from Alhambra, California, Scouts to Danish Guides on an across-the-Pole flight



Los Angeles Times Photo

**ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY**, Girl Scout troops are setting their sights for the Senior Roundup in 1956. When they come together from the East and the West, the North and the South, they will have a common bond in their many similar activities. At the same time, it will be interesting to them to discover the ways in which Scout groups have adapted their activities to the needs and resources of their own communities.

Troop 16 of the Worcester, Massachusetts, Council recently celebrated its fifth anniversary with a special program which reviewed the fun and service of the troop's first five years.

The girls are especially proud of the troop's record of service to friends abroad and at home. The troop contributes annually to the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund, making a special occasion of it, and each year has collected clothing, sewing kits and materials, schoolbags, and money for children across the sea.

Skills acquired in badge work have been turned to community service. Plants grown for Home Gardener and Garden Flower badges, cookies which the girls baked for a Cook badge requirement, have been given to hospital patients as holiday gifts. Pretty, ingenious tray favors for patients in hospitals and children's institutions have put their craft skills to practical use.

Helping with the annual sale of Christmas Seals has been another troop service project. When the tornado of 1953 struck their area, the girls of Troop 16 helped with routine tasks and prepared lunches at the Brookside Home and temporary shelters, as well as giving aid in the children's ward of a local hospital.

What about fun? There has been plenty of that, the girls declare. Two activities are favorites. They love dancing, and the troop has become well known for the Greek folk dances which they have per-

Smiling in anticipation of fun to come, Troop 13 of Reidsville, North Carolina, starts on an exciting trip to Washington, D.C. and to New York City



A Brownie troop of Lone Tree Area Council, Ohio, puts the finishing touches on a dollhouse they are donating to the gift festival

formed at a city-wide pageant, "The Carousel," and at the New England Regional Conference. They also love camping, and their stay at Camp Green Eyrie is a highlight of the year. The girls have made good use of the outdoor skills learned at camp, and the trip to Green Eyrie—financed through the sale of Girl Scout cookies—has given them many helpful "tips on travel."

**VARIETY ADDS SPICE** to the community-service activities of Scouts in the Lone Tree Area Council, Oak Park, Illinois. The girls in the various troops of the council make gifts and tray favors for hospitals and institutions. They stuff envelopes for the Red Cross and Community Chest. They take part in the Needlework Guild ingathering. They serve as aides to voters.

One project, which spans several months and gives opportunity to develop many skills, is a Christmas Gift Festival. During the year each troop makes and collects gifts for the festival. These include clothing and toys which the girls clean and repair, stuffed dolls and animals, scrapbooks, layettes, bedside bags, books, mittens, games, and many other things which make useful and acceptable gifts for hospitals and institutions.

Each troop is invited to send two girls and one adult to the council-wide ingathering, held on the first Sunday of December in a large auditorium. Agency representatives for children's homes, hospitals, homes for the aged, neighborhood houses, handicapped children's homes, and the Frontier Nursing Service also are invited.

The gifts are sorted, labeled, and put on display. Scouts and leaders, armed with notebooks and pencils, look over the gifts, jotting down ideas and suggestions for the next year's festival.

Following a program of skits and community singing, the agency representatives are introduced and the gifts presented to them. At

# All Over the Map

## Headline News in Girl Scouting

the most recent festival, more than fifteen thousand gifts were distributed to the fourteen participating agencies.

✿ **"MAKE A SAFE TOY FOR A CHILD"** is a requirement of the Homemaker badge which caught the imagination and challenged the ingenuity of the girls of Troop 289 (Rock River Valley Council) at St. Mary's Academy in Oregon, Illinois.

The toy, the girls felt, should be something different as well as safe and useful. Several suggestions were debated before the troop decided to make a set of blocks for the kindergarten department at the academy.

The girls collected a number of large cardboard boxes, each nine inches square. These were reinforced on the inside with interlocking cardboard sections and stuffed firmly with newspaper. Then the open ends were closed and fastened tightly to the rest of the box.

From family garages and workshops the girls salvaged odds and ends of paint. Each side of the blocks was painted in a different, gay color. The girls had collected bright nursery-rhyme illustrations and attractive pictures of animals and small children. These were carefully cut out and glued smoothly to the sides of each box.

When dry, the entire box was shellacked, to make it washable. The kindergarteners find their oversized blocks great fun, and Troop 289 is well pleased with the result of its project.

It sounds to us like fun, as well as a worthwhile activity. A troop might make a complete set of animal blocks—a variety of tame or wild creatures, or different breeds of dogs or cats. A set of fairy-tale or nursery-rhyme



S. E. Nunnally Photo

blocks would be entertaining. There are dozens of possibilities!

✿ **WHEN THE HAWAII ISLAND** Girl Scout Council was asked to take part in the annual Hawaii County Fair, the big question was: "How can we show, dramatically and effectively, the many ways in which Scouting teaches girls to become useful, resourceful citizens?" With troops scattered all over the large island, transportation was a problem, and it was not possible to have a "live" booth, with girls carrying on Scouting activities.

Paper sculpture proved to be the answer. A large display board was prepared for each age level—Brownie, Intermediate, and Senior. For each group, paper-sculpture figures were made, showing girls engaged in three Scouting activities.

Chosen because they seemed to offer good possibilities for dramatic presentation were Community Service, Camping, International Friendship, Outdoor Crafts, Nature, Homemaking, Program-Aide projects, and Vocational Exploration.

The paper sculpture was fun to do, and very effective. The booth attracted much attention and favorable comment. The sculptures will be used in displays and exhibits in other parts of the island.

✿ **TROOP 50** of the Alhambra, California, Council wanted to correspond with a Girl Guide or Girl Guide group in Denmark.

When the girls read that the Scandinavian Airways System was about to inaugurate an "across the top of the world" route from Los Angeles to Copenhagen they thought it would be wonderful if they could send a letter to Danish Girl Guides on this historic flight.

It was disappointing to learn that no mail would be carried on the first trip except letters to be postmarked for stamp collectors. Reluctant to give up the idea of establishing a friendship link

through this flight, the girls scouted around for information and help.

The Danish Consulate became interested in their project. Would a committee from the troop like to meet Mr. Jean Hersholt, famous motion-picture and radio actor, who was going on the trip as a representative of the youth of America? They would—and be proud and honored!

That is how it came about that a delighted group of Girl Scouts was presented to Mr. Hersholt at a bon voyage dinner in Los Angeles, and gave him a letter which he promised to deliver personally to Danish Girl Guides in Copenhagen.

When the plane was set down at the Copenhagen airfield after its over-the-Pole flight, a delegation of Danish Guides received the California Scouts' letter and the friendship link was complete.

✿ **APPROPRIATELY NICKNAMED** "The Gadabouts," Troop 9 of Bowling Green, Ohio, has spent each vacation during the past year visiting some place of interest in their part of the country. After trips to Dearborn, Michigan, and Toledo, Ohio, the girls decided their next port of call would be Chicago. Parents and the Tri-Ridge Council approved, and the girls set to work earning funds by selling candy and nuts; baby sitting; helping neighbors. Railroad fare was a troop project; each girl earned the remainder of her expenses.

Meanwhile they planned every detail of the trip, from train schedules to where and what to eat. The Chicago Visitors Center helped arrange their schedule and made reservations for them. As far as possible everything was paid for in advance. Each girl took with her only enough money for her food and incidental expenses, thus lessening the chance of anyone losing a considerable sum of money.

At the start of the trip, the girls discovered the advantage of being a Girl Scout. When they arrived at the station in their trim uniforms the conductor of the train met them and took them to the observation car, saying he thought they would have more fun there. Later he and another trainman joined them and explained the operation of the train and of railroading in general.

Next morning at breakfast time they found that the dining-car steward had reserved choice seats for them. The waiters gave the Scouts extra-special service, and cheerfully answered all their questions. For like the Elephant's Child, the girls were "full of satiable curiosity."

Every hour of the three days in Chicago held a new experience. There were visits to museums, the Board of Trade, the Planetarium. They enjoyed a boat ride on Lake Michigan and an evening bus tour of the city. They took part in a radio program, were guests at a television broadcast; had dinner in a famous restaurant; attended a play. To say nothing of a shopping spree in a huge department store!

Homeward bound at last, they settled down after dinner on the train to make plans for a trip to Washington!

✿ **FOR TROOP 13** of Reidsville, North Carolina, its week's trip to Washington, D.C., and New York City was the fulfillment of months of dreaming, planning, and working.

It was a thrilling experience to visit the White House, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and the other national shrines in Washington. New York was wonderful. The beautiful UN buildings, a broadcasting studio, Girl Scout National Headquarters, the Statue of Liberty—nothing disappointed them.

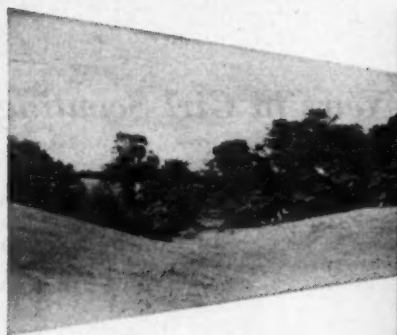
So enthused were the girls over the trip and all they had seen and learned that they decided to broaden their field of interest and work on activities that would acquaint them with their "world neighbors."

In connection with the World Neighbor badge, they invited a student in the senior class at Bennett College, a former Girl Guide in Bahama, to be their guest at a troop meeting. The girls enjoyed her talk on the Bahamas and Girl Guiding in those islands, and are looking forward to having more students from other lands visit the troop. Because—who knows how far afield their next trip will take them?

### SEND YOUR SCOUT NEWS

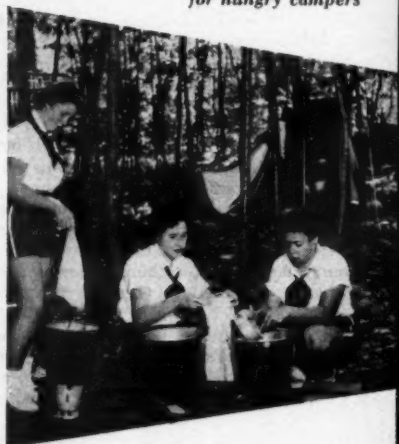
to "All Over the Map." This is the Scouts' own department, through which they exchange news and ideas with Girl Guides and Scouts around the world. Send photographs, too—clear black-and-white prints, 4" x 5" or larger, in good focus.

THE END



*This Michigan park will sprout a tent city of 5,000 Girl Scouts*

*This reflector oven turns out a fine dinner for hungry campers*



**Thousands of girls are going to the first great Girl Scout Roundup!**



*Primitive camping is a necessary skill for Roundup aspirants*

**by LAURA VITRAY**

*Photos by Paul Parker and Frank Gilloon Service*

## Big News in Scouting

**W**HEN A GIRL SCOUT makes her Promise—"I will try to do my duty to God and my country"—she is like one of the early pioneers, standing at the headwaters of a great river, with the sun overhead and the ever-widening watercourse waiting to be explored. However far the traveler goes, the same sun stands in the sky. But the river broadens and deepens, fed by streams that arise in distant places and unite to give it strength.

America resembles such a river. In early days it was a scattered trickling of peoples who spread into our territory and across it, from the four corners of the compass. Their traditions and their physical characteristics were often widely separated. Yet they have been welded into one strong nation, to which each has made its contribution.

In the summer of 1956, the greatest Girl Scout event ever held will symbolize this "unity in diversity." From North, South, East and West, Scouts and their leaders will come to join hands at the first great Senior Roundup.

The 1956 Senior Roundup is just the first of many such get-togethers that will be held in future years. Already many younger Scouts

and girls not yet members of the movement are eagerly inquiring how they may qualify.

The Roundup in 1956 will be held at Highland State Recreation Area in Michigan—forty miles northwest of Detroit and fifteen miles west of Pontiac. In an ideal setting, with nature and hiking trails, swimming, a bird-life sanctuary, nearly five thousand girls and their leaders from every part of the United States will pitch their city of tents.

The theme of the Roundup is "Americana"—things American. All through the coming year, Senior Scouts everywhere will be busy delving into the historic lore of their own localities. They will come prepared to dramatize, in song and dance and story, the lives and accomplishments of their own particular stream of settlers, from the days when the Indians, crossing the Bering Strait, pursued the buffalo down through the old Northwest; to the landing of the Mayflower; the flow westward of English, Irish, Scotch, and Scandinavians; the Negroes in the South; or the Spaniards in the vast Southwest.

Experience in primitive camping is a "must" for girls lucky enough to attend the Roundup, and many are actively acquiring this right

now. Other standards on which they will be judged, are: understanding of our nation's basic democratic ideals; knowledge of the history and cultural background of their own section; and evidence of responsibility in troop projects and community service. To be eligible, a girl must be at least fourteen, have completed the ninth grade, and show a minimum of one year in Senior Scouting with completion of its Five-Point program.

As for the necessary camping experience, every Scout knows the many opportunities the Girl Scout program offers. From the time they are Brownies, most Scouts go day camping, camping with their troops, or to one of the large number of Girl Scout established camps. At these many older girls begin to acquire advanced camping skills in a more primitive setting.

Senior Scouts from many States each year practice primitive camping skills at the All-States Encampment in Wyoming. Others join the Girl Scout Archaeological Mobile Camps through the Southwest. Still others travel with their troops across country, pitching their tents in national parks and other places, perhaps with their destination at Rockwood, the



Girl Scout national camp close to the nation's capital. Besides these, there are the sailing camps, the troop trips on horseback, and a host of other primitive-style camps, in the deserts, mountains, and plains. A Senior Scout enjoys a world of adventure while becoming an expert in the art of safe outdoor living. This coming summer, for instance, it is expected that about 150 patrols of six to eight Girl Scouts will cover the Appalachian Trail, from Maine to Georgia.

The great 1956 Senior Roundup, scheduled for late June and early July of next year, will combine the thrills of primitive camping in small patrol groups with many wonderful all-camp get-togethers, including a Scouts' Own. At the big events, groups from different sections will present their own dramatic reports of all the interesting and significant things they have learned about the people who settled their part of the country. They will entertain the encampment with the songs of early seamen, cowboys, and cotton pickers; with polkas and Virginia reels, legends of lumberjacks; demonstrations of many crafts, and of things like making squaw bread or Boston baked beans.

It will be loads of fun. And—just the getting acquainted with girls from all over America will be one of the very best things the Scouts will carry home with them.

"We the people" are America's greatest resource—its human resource. The Roundup is bound to give new meaning to the fourth law of Scouting: "A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout." Here, at the Roundup, sisters will meet and learn to know one another better. In so doing they will help cement the ties that make our country strong, and diversified in its unity.

THE END

## How to Make Camping Gear

(Continued from page 19)

canvas if you prefer. You may want a square bag, a short wide one, or a tall narrow one. Our finished bag measures overall 10"x10"x4", will hold a one-quart liquid container, several sandwiches, and fruit. For the lining you will need the new fiber-glass insulation material LOF, available at hardware stores and lumberyards. To make the bag, follow these easy steps:

1. First rule a pattern on paper. From this cut two pieces of your outside material. The pattern and measurements shown in the illustration are for the 10-inch finished bag.
2. Cut a piece of insulation material from this same pattern, but 1/16" smaller on all sides.
3. Place the insulation piece between the other two, then sew the three pieces together 1/2" from edge—raw edges outside.
4. Bring the four sides up and sew together with seam on outside (as shown). Vinyl, felt, oilcloth, or plastic will not ravel, but if you use denim or duck canvas, bind all edges with bias binding.
5. Cut two strips of outside material 14" long and 1 1/2" wide. Fold in half lengthwise, stitch close to edge.
6. Cut long narrow 5" opening in flap on a line at the top front edge of the bag. Cut this by slashing 4" at center of where slit is to be, taper out in small triangles to total length. Finish cutting by squaring ends and continuing around. Stitch around this opening.
7. Hold bag closed, and with pins or tailor's chalk mark two spots on front of bag



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just inside the slit. Measure from top edge of back and out to sides to get two spots the same distance from top and sides as those in front.

8. Sew handles on at these points this way: Fold end of strip over 1/4" and place this piece on one mark, seam side in; stitch firmly in place. Sew on other ends of the two handles in same way.

You may sew this bag by hand with back-stitch, or by machine. Depending upon your machine, it may be easier to put steps 6, 7, and 8 before step 4. Use same measurements.

### Camp Bandanna

A camp bandanna is both useful and versatile. Buy a colorful cotton kerchief 18"x30".

**Waterproofing.** Lay your scarf flat, or have someone hold it up, stretched tightly. Spray

lightly with a waterproofing spray, which can be obtained in department and hardware stores. Your waterproofed bandanna can be made to serve many purposes on your camping trip or picnic. As needed, it becomes a hat, pot holder, something to sit on, tablecloth, emergency apron, or hand towel. Or it may be folded to make a triangular bandage.

**To make a hat,** start with a knot in one corner. With the knot away from you, fold over the left corner, lap the right corner across it, roll up the bottom edge to the outside all around, until the cap is the right head size.

**For small scarf** or hat to wear with pigtail or pony tail, put a knot in one corner. Roll opposite corner toward the knot. This forms a brim. Place the brim on top of head with knot hanging down, bring two side points together and tie at nape of neck.

THE END

### By You (Continued from page 25)

cards stuck in battered hats, nor did they continually compete with the police to "get the guy who done it" first. They are a group of men and women of varying ages who are individuals and rarely, if ever, have the same opinion on a topic. They do not shout at copy boys, nor does the city editor threaten to fire the copy boy for bringing a cheese sandwich instead of a liverwurst.

At the end of the city room is a row of desks for the general assignment reporters who cover everything from city hall to murder cases. In the center of the room is the U-shaped copy desk where the copyreaders sit. There, men, masters of grammar, correct errors in the reporter's story. Farther on are the desks of the "specialists" whose knowledge on such things as finance and industry informs the public as to how their stocks are decreasing or increasing in value.

Someday I hope I will be sent out on a story and will become a member of this corps that keeps you informed of the news developments night and day.

ROBERTA C. SCHWARTZ (age 16) Baseline, Michigan

### MUSIC

First Poetry Award

*Music is an organ,  
Building its volume voice upon voice,  
Its crescendos soaring clear and full  
To the topmost rafters of a woodland chapel,  
Or filling the framework of a giant cathedral  
With their powerful majesty.*

*Music is a trumpet,  
Pouring out a world of loneliness  
In one tender blue note,  
Or setting a whole soul afire  
With the sweetness of a melody.*

*Music is a wedding bell,  
Ringing out across the countryside,  
Filling the air with its glorious message,  
Its golden tones swelling as joyously  
As the hearts that it fills with happiness.*

CAROL WILCOX (age 16) Washington, D. C.

### SCHOOL DANCE

Fiction Award

Voices from the gym drifted out into the cool night air. To the outsider they sounded warm and friendly. I knew differently. Inside were icy eyes, cold stares, and sharp tongues, ready to pounce on the least imperfect detail of my appearance.

My unwilling feet moved me up to the door. There I paused. My trembling hand grasped the doorknob. Pulling it open I slipped inside. My eyes took it all in quickly. Blue-and-white crepe paper stretched from one end to the other. Drawings changed the drab everyday walls into a circus of color. Gay figures moved softly about the floor, pausing every now and then to laugh or flirt with the boys. Taking a deep breath and trying to look inconspicuous, I made my way to a corner of the room. The music stopped just as I sat down. Boys returned girls to their places and the music started again. My eyes watched longingly as girl after girl was chosen. Finally, I was left alone again.

Two hours later I was still in the lonely corner. My new dress lay in unwrinkled folds. It had looked so pretty on the rack, a brilliantly striped taffeta with black-velvet trimming. Evidently clothes didn't make the girl. The final dance, but still no one came near the chair—wait, there was someone. My eyes lighted and then—dulled. He had asked one of the girls standing a little way to the left of me. Knowing I could stand no more, I left. The soft strains of music, mingled with voices from the gym, again drifted out into the night air. Stars twinkled overhead. Occasionally a car's headlights rounded the corner and moved on down the avenue. Finally a car rounded the bend and turned down toward school. It stopped. Jumping up I walked toward it and opened the door. "How was the party?" Forcing a smile I pulled in my skirt and shut the door. "Fine!"

BONNIE FREDERICH (age 14) St. Louis, Missouri



### PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

Sherry Anne Steffes (age 13)  
Yorba Linda, California



**ART AWARD:**  
Carol Norby (age 16)

Madison, Wisconsin

### MOVING DAY Nonfiction Award

The old white house is empty now. No red sofa in the living room, no scuffed green rug in the entrance hall, no sagging overstuffed chairs, no squeaky swing on the front porch. The walls have blank spaces without the old familiar pictures. The ruffy yellow curtains that made the room so sunny and bright have been taken down and packed away in a box with the sheets and bedspreads.

The kitchen is silent and empty. No scurry and hustle of a meal being prepared, no cheery group in the breakfast nook, no bubbling coffee pot on the stove or golden eggs sizzling in the frying pan.

Upstairs the bedrooms are stripped of all the things that made them ours. The model planes that cluttered my little brother's room are gone. My pennants and pictures have been taken down and packed up. My little pink-skirted vanity I always thought was so cute and feminine has been put into the big moving van along with all the rest of our furniture. Everything that made the room a part of me is gone. Now it is just a room.

I have said good-by to the house, but the hardest good-by is still to come. Margie, my best friend, is waiting for me on the porch. What will I do without Margie? She had been my very best friend ever since we were in grade school. I drag my feet all the way down stairs and out on the porch.

"Hi," Margie says.

"Hi."

"I'm going to miss you."

"I'm going to miss you, too." I shifted my feet uncomfortably. Margie and I never have had to leave each other for more than a summer vacation.

"You'll write me, won't you?" Margie licks her lips and swallows hard, but we both remain stiffly polite and formal.

"Sure, and you write to me."

"Okay," Margie leans forward excitedly. "My mother says you can come visit me if you would like to."

"Sure," I tell her, "you come and stay with me, too."

"Okay."

Father is honking the horn impatiently.

"Good-by, Margie," I run down the steps and toward the car.

"Good-by," she calls from the porch. I climb in and Father starts the car. We are spinning down the street before I look back at the old house and Margie standing waving on the porch. I am glad Margie and I did not get hysterical and start crying all over the place. I think we

acted very adult with our good-bys. I wave back at Margie until I can no longer see the house. But why am I sad? I am going to a new town. I will have a new home, a new room, and new friends. The old house isn't a home anymore. It's just a house now.

MARY YOUNG (age 16)

Cuthbert, Georgia

### CONVERSATION Poetry Award

*The sea came up to my feet,  
It lapped—  
It swished—  
It passed—  
The sea swept back from whence it came.*

*I spoke to the sea the way I do,  
Quietly—  
Softly—  
Dreamily—  
I spoke to the rippling sea.*

*I know that the sea heard me speak,  
Truly—  
Surely—  
Certainly—  
I know that the sea understood,  
Because it answered me.*

BEPPIE ANNE DUKER (age 15) Berkeley, California

### VIGNETTES ON HANDS Nonfiction Award

The baby in the cradle reached for its rattle; its soft hands, tiny fingers caressing each small object. Hands dimpled with the joy of life; hands not yet fearing fear; small hands, happy and young.

A man's hand clutched the pole in the subway: hands calloused from labor, working to support a family, strong hands. The train lurched, the hand grasped the pole and held it firmly. Not smooth and dainty, but strong hands made strong from hard work.

Capable hands were putting the finishing touches on a doily. Old hands, now shaking with age, but once strong; hands that had lived through joy, sorrow, fear, and need; hands that had lived generations; tired hands ready for rest, but still useful.

MAIDA WIESENTHAL (age 12) Brooklyn, New York

### THE SMOKESTACK Poetry Award

*Standing like the lighthouse that guards  
the nearer shore,  
Belching out the carbon from deep within  
its core,  
Clouding up the sky though it's only middle  
day,  
Forcing the flirting swallows to swerve  
in their way,  
Just as a million fishes would beneath the  
southern sea  
To avoid the angry squid's ink (see, they  
fly from it toward me!)*  
*The image is like a cannon from the old and  
warlike years;  
Imposing, straight, unwavering, suppressing  
all our fears.  
Standing as a symbol of a world's philosophies,  
I see the simple picture of a smokestack  
through the trees.*

ROBERT BOSWELL (age 15)

Short Beach, Conn.



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## ALONE Fiction Award

You're sitting on the couch all alone. There's no one in the house except Rhoda, your older sister, and she's in the other room.

Why Gloria? Why you of all people? Why are you alone with only a book for company?

Think back. Remember when Kitty called and you brushed her off? Dear Kitty, she was so sweet. She wasn't a fair-weather friend like you. She was always there, waiting to help you, willing to give her noontime to help you with some important schoolwork. It was always Kitty who defended you when other kids talked behind your back. It was Kitty who confided to you her secret ambitions.

Remember November ninth? That was your big night, the night of your party. Kitty couldn't come. She was sick in bed with a cold.

That didn't bother you, did it? After all, what was Kitty compared to a bunch of boys?

After the party a lot of boys asked you for dates. You were so busy. Too busy for Kitty. She called. She tried. But you were too busy to even call her back.

Pretty soon the boys began to tire of you.

Even your new girl friends got tired of the way you flirted with their boy friends.

Now you're alone. Wait a minute, there's Kitty. She'll come. She'll come over to keep you company.

Pick up the phone, Gloria. Pick it up and dial Kitty's number. You have to put it down, don't you? Why? No answer. Kitty's at Janet's house.

Now you're really alone. Not even Kitty to keep you company. Remember what Kitty always told you: "A girl's best friend is herself." If that's true then admit it, Gloria. You weren't a very good friend.

CONNIE FRIEDMAN (age 13) Los Angeles, Calif.

## HONORABLE MENTION

FICTION: Lila Frates (age 17) New Bedford, Massachusetts.

NONFICTION: Dixie Allen (age 12) Garden Grove, California; Janice Smith (age 13) Woodward, Oklahoma.

POETRY: Janice Anne Johnson (age 16) Scottsbluff, Nebraska; Mildred Schwam (age 18) Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

## WHERE TO BUY AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

### PRIZE PURCHASE, PAGE 21

Baltimore, Md.	The Hecht Co.
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Cincinnati, Ohio	Rollman & Sons Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Crowley, Milner & Co.
Hutchinson, Kans.	Wiley's, Inc.
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Los Angeles, Calif.	The May Co.
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Newark, N. J.	L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y.	Gimbels
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Kerr's, Inc.
Rochester, Minn.	Dayton's
San Diego, Calif.	Marston's
San Francisco, Calif.	The White House

### PRETTY PAIR-OFFS, PAGES 22-23

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Jamaica, N. Y.	B. Gertz
Lowell, Mass.	A. G. Pollard Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Powers
Seattle, Wash.	The Bon Marche
Washington, D.C.	Lansburgh's

### R.A.R.

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Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Cincinnati, Ohio	The H. & S. Pogue Co.
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Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
Washington, D.C.	The Hecht Co.

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New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y.	Lord & Taylor
Rochester, Minn.	Dayton's
St. Paul, Minn.	Field Schlick, Inc.

### BEST FOOT FORWARD, PAGE 24

#### Borgenicht (plaid)

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Washington, D.C.	Woodward & Lothrop

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## Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. They may be on any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Only original material, never before published, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawings or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

**Short Stories:** Not over 800 words.

**Poems:** Two to twenty-five lines.

**Nonfiction:** Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

**Drawings:** Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7".

**Photographs:** Any subject. Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

### RULES

1. Entries for the August, 1955, issue must be mailed on or before May 1, 1955. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written: The name, address, and age of sender. Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout. The number of words in the piece submitted. The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian. "I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts as necessary.

### AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these. Send entries to "By You" Dept. Editor THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

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| 5. New Green Light                | 15. This Is the Thanks I Get                |
| 6. Beware of Me                   | 16. Whatcha Gonna Do Now?                   |
| 7. Never                          | 17. Hep Cat Baby                            |
| 8. Penny Candy                    | 18. Courtin' in the Rain                    |
| 9. Company's Comin'               | 19. Love You                                |
| 10. You're Not Mine Anymore       | 20. One By One                              |

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| 4. My Friend                           | 14. The Family Who Prays               |
| 5. As Life Of A Flower                 | 15. Too Much Sinning                   |
| 6. The Touch Of God's Hand             | 16. Supper Time                        |
| 7. Invisible Hands                     | 17. The Lord Will Make A Way Somewhere |
| 8. Let The Spirit Descend              |  |
| 9. Home Of The Soul                    |  |
| 10. A Pretty Wreath For Mother's Grave |  |
| 11. Stormy Waters                      |  |
| 12. Glory Land March                   |  |

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# Jokes

LOGIC

Ed: Why are hurricanes named after girls?  
ELLA: Did you ever hear of a himicane?  
Sent by ROXANNA KENWORTHY, Kokomo, Indiana

DESCRIPTION OF RHODE ISLAND

Texas after taxes  
Sent by MARKANNE GANTT, Birmingham, Alabama

TIME ON THEIR HANDS

BILL: Is Millie ready?  
MILLIE'S FATHER: She said she'll be right down. How about a game of chess?  
Sent by CARYL SMITH, Inman, Kansas

THE BIGGER THEY COME—

VISITING AUNT: So you're in the first grade, Bobby. Have you learned to spell?  
BOBBY: Oh, sure.  
AUNT: Let me hear you spell kitten.  
BOBBY: Well—er—I'm getting too old for kitten. Try me on cat.  
Sent by CAROL CURTIS, Kennewick, Washington

THAT'S THAT

A Washington hostess once wagered that she could make the late President Coolidge talk. Meeting him at a reception, she said, with what she hoped was disarming frankness:

"Mr. President, I have made a wager that I can make you say at least three words."  
"You lose," replied Mr. Coolidge.  
Sent by GENE JOHN ROYBAL, Wellington, Utah

NO FUN

The little girl asked her mother to return the very up-to-date doll she had received for her birthday.

"You see," she explained, "it takes so much time to comb her hair, and wash her face, and change her clothes, I never have time to play with her."

Sent by SUSAN STIRN, Mottsey, New York

HE'LL LEARN

The young man who had just received his college degree announced importantly, "Here I am, World. I have my A.B."

"Take it easy, son," replied the World. "I'll soon teach you the rest of the alphabet!"  
Sent by RITA SUE BRONNENBERG, Frankton, Indiana

BULL'S-EYE!

Just as a sidewalk astronomer swung his telescope around, a shooting star fell.

"Say!" exclaimed a boy who was watching. "You're certainly a good shot!"  
Sent by JOAN MORAN, Schenectady, New York

IMPORTANT NOTICE

All jokes must be sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL on two-cent Government postal cards. Send as many jokes as you wish, but no more than two to a card. Write in ink, or on the typewriter, and be sure to give your name, full address, and age. Address your cards to THE AMERICAN GIRL, Jokes Department, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.  
THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00 for each joke printed on this page.



*His home is a shore warm and sandy*  
*His leisurely life is just dandy*  
*He's a humorous bird*  
*Very shy with a word*  
*Says, "My! This is great pelicandy!"*



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